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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXXIII. No. 862. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1923. TWOPENCE.

SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jaeger's Grade
SWEET & MELLOW
3d per lb.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

WHAT'S WRONG WITH PARLIAMENT?

by

The Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker Bt.

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'Yadil' is the antiseptic sought for by Lister. It will make the British Isles the first country in the world free from tuberculosis.

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'Yadil' is not a drug, medicine, tonic, or food, but solely a harmless vegetable antiseptic which destroys within the body disease germs and food poisons without injury to cell tissue.
Pronounce it YAH-DIL.

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London, W.C.1

Send no money!

This **2/6** Everpointed Pencil **FREE!**

THOUSANDS of these handsomely silvered and beautifully burnished Pencils are flashing from the pockets of our readers We are giving these Pencils *free* in order to introduce to JOHN BULL readers the new model John Bull Self-Filling 5/6 Pen, complete with clip. One reader says it is worth three times the price we ask; a second prefers it to a pen of another make costing 30/-! The Pen has a solid gold nib, iridium tipped; safety cap; is handsomely chased and guaranteed for two years. So positive are we that you will be more than delighted with your bargain that we want you to see the Pen before you buy. Send no money—simply fill up the coupon and forward to-day and by return you will receive both Pen and Pencil. Coupon available for ten days—act now!

"CUT HERE"

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JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Send me your new model 5/6 John Bull Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

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ADDRESS .....

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State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."

DATE .....
"J.B." 5.5.23.

IF—

If your home caught fire to-night—

If you were sick and unable to work—

If your home was flooded out—

If you met with an accident in your home or garden—

THINK how you would regret not having signed the forms below.

Fire.

CATRINE, AYRSHIRE.—A. BROWN, Mill Street.
KIRKCALDY.—A. BLACK, 34, East Smeaton Street.
BRIERFIELD.—H. BARRAS, 40, Taylor Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. H. BLACK, 15, Cleveland Street, Sandyford.
ANERLEY, S.E.20.—Mrs. CRITTOCK, 146A, St. Hughes Road.
EAST DULWICH, S.E.22.—Mrs. DUDHAM, 14, Whateley Road.
SMETHWICK.—H. A. DAVIES, 80, Marlborough Road, Bearwood.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. EATON, 19, Sampson Road, North Camp Hill.
CATERHAM.—Mrs. M. E. HAWKINS, 7, Guards Terrace.
WITNEY.—F. HALEY, Corn Street.
FALKIRK.—Mrs. R. KIRKWOOD, Skinflats.
NORWICH.—W. KAYNES, 26, Leicester Street
NEWBRIDGE.—S. J. LORD, 9, Victoria Terrace.
ABERDEEN.—G. MILNE, 4, Crawford Road.
RYTON-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. R. MOSSON, 13, Hawthorne Gardens, Stargate.
CRETTOWN.—R. NIXON, 81, John Street.
TREDEGAR.—A. PRITCHARD, 9, Red Lion Square.
READING.—R. E. PAYTON, Hill View, Spencer Wood.
WARE.—S. PERCIVAL, The Quay, Frodsham Bridge.
BIRMINGHAM.—J. READ, 34, York Road, Kings Heath.
BURFORD.—E. J. READ, 7, The Leaze.
ABBEY WOOD.—D. WHITTINGTON, 136, Bostal Lane.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—J. G. WILSON, 8, Nelson Bank.
LONDON, S.E.16.—Mrs. A. WILSON, 411, Rotherhithe New Road.
FARNBOROUGH, HANTS.—Mrs. WILKINSON, 16, Victoria Place, Cove.
BATTERSEA, S.W.—W. BASTEN, 88, Stewarts Road.
BARKINGSIDE.—G. BIRD, 6, Victoria Road.
BERMONDSEY, S.E.—Mrs. BRIGLAND, 342, Southwark Park Road.
E. GREENWICH, S.E.10.—Mrs. CORNELIUS, 48, Mauritius Road.
TREDEGAR.—Mrs. C. CLAYTON, 255, 20th Row, Sirhowy.
CARMARTHEN.—Mrs. B. HOPKINS, 5, Ireland Row.
CATRINE, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs A. W. REID, 84, Cuthbert Street.
TYLORSTOWN.—T. CROWE, 19, Vivian Street.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. CAMPBELL, 37, Holmscroft Street.
RETFORD.—Mrs. F. LOCKWOOD, Barnby Moor.
TEWKESBURY.—Mrs. A. PERKS, 47, Overbury.
TYLORSTOWN.—Mrs. M. REYNOLDS, 13, Brynhyfryd.

Rent Benefit £2 per week.

HALBEATH, FIFE.—R. SMART, Buckieburn.
HORSHAM.—W. PACKER, "Birchwood," Crawley Down.

Accident Benefits £3 per week.

PECKHAM, S.E.15.—Mrs. C. SOUTHWARD, 67, Lazard Road.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. D. E. SMITH, 55A, Mildred Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—J. LLOYD, 23 & 24, Horse Fair.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. H. M. FRY, 50, Hatherley Street.
ST. HELENS.—W. VICKERS, 747, Elton Head Road, Sutton Head.

Accident Benefits £1 per week.

GLASGOW.—Mrs BARROW, 2, Polock Street, Yoker.
BLAINA.—Mrs. C. W. EDWARDS, 21, Brynheuling Terrace.
PEBBLES.—Mrs. G. FRENCH, 30, Eliots Park.
HENDRESFORD.—Mrs. A. GRIFFITHS, 45, Arthur Street, Whitstable.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—W. SMITH, 29, Charles Street, Short Heath.
WICKFORD.—W. STANNEW, Nevendon Road.
MANCHESTER.—G. A. TRYDER, 11, Ellin Street, Levenshulme.
OLD BASFORD.—Mrs. F. M. RAITHBRIDGE, 6, Albert Flats, Mill Street.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. M. A. BADDELEY, 104, Park Road, Dresden.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. J. BURTON, 6, Railway Street, Llanarth.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—W. CLARK, 42, Head Street.
ROTHERHITHE, S.E.16.—Mrs. M. CONOR, 68, Union Road.
WEDNESBURY.—Mr. T. FREEMAN, 2, Court 3, Manor, High Street, Moxley.
BEMBRIDGE, I. of W.—Mrs. A. ADLAM, Quarrington, Lowood Road.
ACCRINGTON.—W. BARRY, 78, Tower Street, West End, Oswaldtwistle.
WHITEHAVEN.—Mrs. J. GRAHAM, 4, Low Road.
DERBY.—Mrs. M. GRAGGEN, 71, Bought Walk.
NEWTOWN, EXETER.—Mrs. A. A. BROOMS, 6, Clifton Street.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. A. JONES, 8, Nutfield Place, Clarendon Street.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. J. MARSH, 29, Cross Street, Waterloo.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. PROCTOR, 1, Bullock Yard, Longton.
BIRMINGHAM.—G. RICHARDS, 8, Scot Place, Tilton Road, Small Heath.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. F. STEVENS, 29, Windsor Road.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—G. TRANTER, 9, Mill Lane, Lane Head.
EAST WEMYSS, FIFE.—Mrs. C. WATSON, Den Place.
STAITHES.—Mrs. M. E. WARD, Lavricks Yard, High Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. BERRYMAN, 23, Rottenrow.
DURHAM.—A. G. BAMBROUGH, 5, Fifteenth Street, East Rainton Colliery.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. AYRES, 42, Primrose View, Off Broomfield Road.
HANLEY.—M. BROCKLEHURST, 199, Lock Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. W. M. RADCLIFF, 55, Hornington Road, Brushes Estate, Firth Park.
DUMFRIES, N.B.—Mrs. G. BROWNRIDGE, 61, Assembly Street.
CARDENDEN.—Mrs. I. BELL, 12, Twelfth Street, Bowhill.
TYLORSTOWN.—Mrs. A. BARRETT, 39, Gwernllwyn, Terrace.
KIDSGROVE.—I. BASKERVILLE, 30, Attwood Street.
FROME.—W. BOWDEN, 9, Baker Street.
SPALDING.—Mrs. A. CHENERY, 11, Haverfield Road.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—A. CHALLINER, 16, Victoria Street, Brindleyford.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. CUND, 9, Belmont Passage, Lawley Street.
BARNSLEY.—W. H. CARR, 1, Back Stubbin, Elsecar.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. I. CARTER, 15, Enderby Road, Millfield.
NEWBURY.—Mrs. A. L. LOVELOCK, Ashford Hill.
BARNSLEY.—Mrs. C. A. R. ROLFE, 20, John Street, Darfield.
IPSWICH.—Mrs. C. SMITH, 69, Surrey Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. D. SMITH, 16, Delburn Street, Parkhead.
TREDEGAR.—Mrs. S. A. THOMAS, 75, Commercial Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. WATKINS, 54, Ryland Street, Ladywood.

Storm.

GLOUCESTER.—Mrs. L. PRICE, Pershbrook, Minsterworth.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. G. WATSON, 4, Benning Street, Grangetown.
PORTOBELLO.—D. KING, 28, High Street.
STONEHOUSE.—Mrs. APPERLEY, Framilode.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

DEVIZES.—H. J. ROBBINS, Market Place, Market Lavington.
LINCOLN.—Mrs. F. E. TINSLEY, 41, Hope Street.
PORT TALBOT.—J. WHITE, 24, Heol-y-Glyn, Cymmer.
PORTLAND.—Mrs. M. BOYCE, 27, Fortunes Well.
TREOWEN.—A. E. BAYTON, 10, Penyrlan Terrace.
SCARBOROUGH.—G. W. CROSS, 15, Castlegate.
PENYGRAIG.—M. HARCOMBE, 17, Lewis Street.
BRIDGEND.—C. JONES, 37, High Street, Keeks Hill.
GLOUCESTER.—Mrs. E. J. MORGAN, Old Hall, Hardwick.
TREDEGAR.—Mrs. RANDALL, 228, 19th Row, Sirhowy.
ROMFORD.—Mrs. D. SOUTH, Pigeots Farm Cottage, Abridge.
NORWICH.—Mrs. E. SMITH, 6, Elys Yard, Pit Street.
RETFORD.—Mrs. M. SHAW, 107, High Street, Ordsall.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. A. AUSTIN, 42, Regent Street, Miss End.
ABERYCHAN.—Mrs. A. HOOPER, 4, Gregory's Houses, Pentwyn.
TYLORSTOWN.—Mrs. J. R. HUGHES, 64 Pritt Street.
MALVERN.—Mrs. J. HALE, "Fernie," Pound Bank.
LOWER EDMONTON, N.9.—Mrs. F. MIDDLETON, 147, Fellowes Road.
LLWNFIA.—R. C. ROSE, 7, Inverbeith Terrace
BUCKHALL.—Mrs. WREAY, 6, Orchard Street.

168 more claims paid this week. TOTAL NOW 4359.

Owing to lack of space we can publish only a few of the names.

CUT HERE

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I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

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Address .....

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Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S & WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRAPERY,
FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, LINO, CARPETS,
SEWING MACHINES, BABY CARRIAGES,
WRINGERS, BICYCLES, CHINA WARE,
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, etc
GRAND VALUE.
Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 165 to 167, Lavender Hill, London.

TEA AGENTS REQUIRED.—Immediate employment.—Write, J. H. Dept., Smith and May, Tea Merchants, Spring St., Bury, Lancs.

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KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

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DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

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AN easy way to buy a fashionable Suit, Raincoat, Costume, Boots, Watches, etc., is on Masters Credit Terms, from 4/- monthly. Write for illustrations and free patterns.—Masters, Ltd., 93, Hope Stores, Rye, Sussex.

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WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 4½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

A CASE of real utility for every man. Holds cigarettes, tube, Treasury notes, cards, stamps. Beautifully made finest Morocco leather, 4/6, p.f. Money back if dissatisfied. Send to-day, or for cat. of other leather goods bargains. —Ward, 21, Olympia St., Burnley, Lancs.

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SPADES AND SHOVELS.

Government Surplus. Unused but Soiled.
SPADES: 3 for 2/6, 6 for 5/. } Free
SHOVELS: 3 for 5/6, 6 for 11/. } on
Or 2 Spades and 1 Shovel for 3/9 } Rail.
Worth double. Unique opportunity. Special quotations to dealers for quantities. Single Spades 1/6, single Shovels 2/10, carr. pd. Send cheque or P.O. with order.—A. C. Co. (Dept. B.), 26, Bevis Marks, E.C.3.

IF YOU SMOKE CIGARETTES, you need a "B.L.P." combined case. Made of real Morocco leather, the "B.L.P." holds cigarettes, cig. holder, notes, cards, stamps, etc. A delightful article at a bargain price. Send 4/3 to-day to Parsons, 13, Kendal Rd., Birmingham. Post free.

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CATAPULTS.—New design. Strong, very Accurate. 2/3 each, postage 2d.—J. RICH (J.B.), Eton Road, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

AMAZING WATCH BARGAIN.—Ladies' 9 ct. Solid Gold expanding Watch Bracelet, fully jewelled movement, Perfect Timekeeper; written Guarantee 10 years. Post free, 35/-. See other bargain lines on page 10.—Watts, Son and Co., 357, Oxford Street, W.1.

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YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

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REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. —Harris Tweed Dept., 1, James St., Stornoway.

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PERFECT FITTING LOUNGE SUIT, on easiest terms obtainable, 63/- to measure, 9/- down, then 9/- monthly while you wear it; fashionably cut and made by master craftsmen in seasonable cloths and colourings. Write or call to-day at Head Depot for free patterns, style book, and simple self-measurement form.—Bearons, 71-73, Camden Road, N.W. List of branches on application.

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ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Dowsing, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

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AUGMENTED EARNING POWER is assured by training under the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE. Unique Postal course of Spare-time Study, all business subjects. Send postcard today for "Guide to Careers in Business"—152 pp., free.
SUBJECTS.—Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London R. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Preliminary Examination. Record successes at Professional Examinations. Many intensely practical non-examination courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 21, St. Albans.

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THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Arlico" Worm Tablets are a specialist's Cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 24-26, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

WHY ENDURE ILL-HEALTH?—You need Enermis, the wonderful remedy for lost vitality, nervous and digestive disorders, etc. For men, women and children. Two months' supply, 1/6, p.f. Money back if they fail.—Energots (Dept. J.B.), 12, Bewborough Gardens, S.W.1.

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SUSPENSORY BANDAGES; highly recommended for athletics, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 2/- and 3/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest price.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.R.), 66-68, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

Continued on page 24.

Willie, catching Grandpa kneeling,
Shows he's got that "Kruschen feeling!"

Happy Days

Keep young and you'll keep happy. Keep happy and you'll keep young. Keep healthy and you'll keep both.

Age is not rightly measured by years. Look at the "old boy" here, for instance. In spirit and in energy he's just as young as ever he was. His health is as robust, his enjoyment of life as keen: in spite of his sixty years, old age has passed him by.

That's what Kruschen has done for *him*.

Every morning he drops into his breakfast cup of tea just enough Kruschen Salts to cover a sixpence. He cannot taste the tiny dose, but its effects are almost magical. He knows nothing of headaches, depression, constipation, the scores of little ills that make life a burden to so many people. Gout and rheumatism cannot touch him. The little daily dose of Kruschen removes the cause of them all—the cause that is to be found in an impure blood stream and a sluggish internal system.

The Kruschen habit gently but thoroughly stimulates the liver and kidneys to a proper performance of their duty, removes waste matter and impurities from the system and sends clear, vigorous blood streaming to every part of the body, renewing health and happiness and whole-hearted enjoyment of life.

Kruschen Salts

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1s. 9d. bottle and start to-morrow.

3 out of 200

FREE for 50 COUPONS.

TWO HUNDRED LUCKY FREE GIFTS, from the fascinating card game of Scoop, to cases of cutlery—all to be had FREE in exchange for coupons contained in "Black Cat" cigarettes, the finest value the cigarette world has ever known—a value that has remained unchallenged for twenty years. Start smoking them to-day and save the free gift coupons. Illustrated lucky free gift book, together with five free coupons to start your collection, will be sent on receipt of coupon cut from this advertisement.

FREE for 45 COUPONS.

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6d.

COUPON

POST This Coupon NOW!

In an open envelope with a halfpenny stamp affixed, and catalogue of gifts, with five free coupons, will come by return.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO. (Dept. S), 226, City Road, London, E.C.1.

Suits with a 2 Years Guarantee

Order Your New Suit Made to Measure from CURZON'S

It will cost you less than a ready-made factory suit.
There is a cut, a style and a finish about a CURZON made-to-measure suit that distinguishes it. Each garment is cut and made separately for every customer, and visitors are always welcomed at our workshops in the City to see the cutting and tailoring of their Suits.

At all our branches you will find a wonderful variety of cloths in all-wool Worsteds, Tweeds, Flannels, Serges, etc., from which to make your choice, and our experienced Managers will measure you. The prices per complete Suit, made to measure, are £2 : 2 : 0, £2 : 10 : 0, £3 : 3 : 0, £3 : 10 : 0, £4 : 4 : 0 or £5 : 5 : 0, and there are no extras.

With our £3 : 10 : 0 Pure All Wool Indigo Dye Solid Worsted Serge we give an unqualified guarantee that the cloth will withstand sea, sun and air for two years, failing which we will replace any garment free of charge.

If unable to call at our branches to see these unique cloths, write to our Head Office and we will send you free of charge the cloth patterns, together with fashion book and self-measure form, by means of which you can be measured at home under our guarantee of a perfect fit or money refunded.

YOUR OLD SUIT STEAMED AND PRESSED FREE OF CHARGE.

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JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
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Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The Cup-Tie Fiasco.

After last Saturday's terrible collapse at Wembley there must be a clean sweep of the "dud" management which threatens still to spoil the chances of the British Empire Exhibition. Even our repeated warnings had scarcely prepared the public for this shocking breakdown. There is now only one remedy. Sack the lot!

To Help Trade.

The railway companies have a reserve of £121,000,000 compared with £21,000,000 pre-war. Clearly they can afford to cut both rates and fares.

Houses, not Hutches.

Why the working-man should be denied the comfort of a parlour is a puzzle only a bureaucratic Government can solve. That Housing Bill must be amended.

Self-deception

Herr Stresemann is mistaken in thinking that Lord Curzon wishes to act as an "honest agent" between France and Germany. He was merely giving Germany some much needed advice.

As It Strikes Others.

The American Ambassador in advising England to give her middle-classes a "leg up" put his finger on the spot. They are being taxed out of existence—and they are the backbone of the country.

No Relief for the Home.

Tea and sugar are denied relief from taxation largely because Mr. Baldwin has been too tender with the brewers. Their enormous profits would enable them to bear a much bigger proportion of the reduction.

Verb. Sap.

The Departmental Committee on Milk prices have discovered that the wholesaler is chiefly to blame for the high cost to the consumer, and if the hint is not taken legislation must enforce it.

A Warning.

When a serious Labour crisis develops officialdom usually wrings its hands and says that if only it had known sooner it could have done something. In good time we warn Whitehall that unless care is taken *now* the country will be faced with a big railway crisis in the holiday season.

"Better and Better!"

Crime and drunkenness are both on the decrease. At this rate our Pussyfoots and Stiggins will soon be applying for the dole!

Insincerity.

Russia has accepted the invitation of the League of Nations to the Naval Conference—and is simultaneously strengthening the Red Army. No comment is needed.

Food Exploiters Busy.

Sugar continues to rise in price and jam follows suit. We don't want to see control re-established, but it is beginning to look as if something of the sort will soon be necessary.

The Right Method.

The far-reaching reforms foreshadowed by the Home Office Prison Commission are long overdue. Prison should attempt reformation and not accomplish degradation.

We're Not!

The L.C.C. is satisfied that there is no ground for complaint about the treatment of patients in mental hospitals. We admire their nerve more than their perspicacity.

Making Us Pay.

Last month 1,836,399 tons of coal were exported to Germany. The result is that Germany is helped to resist France and our own coal costs us more. But profits know no frontiers.

Still Wrangling.

Lockout notices affecting 30,000 men have been posted in the shipyards. It is high time both masters and men found some saner method of settling their differences.

Rubbing It In.

After divorce, the ridiculous laws on betting are becoming the subject of open satire from the Bench. There will have to be a change, and ridicule is a sure way of killing the anomalies.

More Notions.

The League of Nations is to set up an international committee to inquire into the White Slave Traffic. But everyone knows the facts. Why don't they *do* something?

Liberty's Guardians.

The House of Lords has protested vigorously against the recent unconstitutional Irish deportations. The Home Secretary should feel ashamed to see aristocracy defending democracy against his tyranny.

Not the Right Word.

The Treasury thanks all grades at the Pensions Ministry for "the commendable zeal" that has enabled them to reduce expenditure. Seeing that the reduction has been achieved at the expense of war heroes while costly administration charges remain untouched, "commendable" is not the word we should use.

The Prize Novel!

Admiral Sims says there never were any U-Boat atrocities. He always was good for at least one good tale a year.

Making the Cat Laugh.

There is a pretty slanging match in progress between the Tory malcontents. How these "family jars" must make the Opposition chuckle.

Busy Cranks.

The British Women's Temperance Association is opposing listening-in sets for public-houses. Just what the "dangers" are we are at a loss to understand.

Poor Pussyfoot.

Sir James Crichton-Browne says that alcohol is a valuable food, and its habitual use is beneficial. Science never did have any use for cranks. It always preferred facts.

Getting to Business.

The Allies have ordered Germany to disband her armed police forces. Why this thinly disguised military organisation has been allowed to flourish for so long is a mystery.

Above All Law.

The Court of Appeal has decided that doctors who make mistakes in certifying insanity are immune from libel actions. If this is so an immediate alteration of the law is necessary.

They Still Sleep.

Not long ago the Courts referred to the laxity at the House of Commons which permits rogues to use the building as an accommodation address for flat-catching. The scandal is worse than ever. When will the authorities wake up?

Another Limpets' Paradise.

How long is the farce of printing, issuing, collecting and filling registration forms at hotels to continue? It serves no useful purpose unless providing "cushy" jobs for limpets comes under that head.

At It Again.

The notorious Bertha Trost is now scraping acquaintance with former wealthy clients and new ones in the British Colony at Monte Carlo. She boasts that she will soon be back in this country. Not if we can stop her!

Take It Off.

Now that the Chancellor has been converted to the Betting Tax, perhaps he will look into the cost of maintaining hundreds of police to harry bookmakers and betters throughout the country. And perhaps we are too optimistic?

Peace Now.

Inspired paragraphs are already appearing warning the British public not to be too optimistic about the results of Lausanne. But this time the job must be done thoroughly and finished. We're tired of the methods of the old gang.

Bred in the Bone.

A five-year-old girl fell into a canal at Newport and was drowning when a gallant rescuer, Eric Jones, sprang in and rescued her. Age of hero, ten years. British blood again.

Giving Death Every Chance.

A policeman found a woman unconscious at Piccadilly Tube Station. He telephoned for an ambulance to the nearest station at Russell Square. It was at Brixton, but in twenty minutes one arrived. A big start to give in a race with death.

Alone!

The end of the long lone trail of the unwedded life, often sad, is frequently tragic. It was so in the case of Miss Ellen Woods, of Stockton Heath, Warrington. With never a male to share her troubles she faced the world alone. At seventy she was beaten. Worn out, body and brain, and ill, she sought peace in the cold waters of the Manchester Ship Canal. "Forgive men," was her last note. Poor, unhappy soul!

Murderous Gossip.

The mischievous tittle-tattling of local gossips at St. Teath, North Cornwall, was responsible for the untimely deaths of Widow Osborne and her sixteen-year-old daughter. It was slanderers of their type who destroyed the character of a poor Burnley mill girl, and caused her to drown herself. From one end of the country to the other these poisoners of life do their foul work. Ghosts should haunt them.

Seven Shillings a Week Man.

It was wrong for Frank Hanlon to help himself to his employer's money, but who will blame him? He had a wife and child to keep, and as canvasser and collector for George Wilson, coal merchant, Higher Ardwick, Manchester, his commission was the princely sum of seven shillings a week. As a dole-drawer he could have got three times as much. Wilson's loss of £38 should teach him to pay his workers better.

Four Little Orphans.

William Henry Shaw, of Everton, was in a Liverpool hospital when officialdom cut his unemployment allowance so low that his four motherless girls could not live. He sought in suicide a way out of his trouble. The Liverpool coroner says he will see if something can be done for the four little orphans. Why the "if?" The State by its conditions was responsible for the father's sad act, and it must not starve the children.

Road Hog's £2 Worth of Fun.

At a cost of little more than a couple of pounds it is possible to have quite a lot of sport with a motor-car about the Dewsbury market-place on a busy day. That is the experience of John Longstaffe, of Boothroyd Lane. Driving his car on a zigzag career, at a high speed, he knocked a man down and scattered people in all directions. Hogs who are expert in this sort of thing should confine their operations to Dewsbury. They need have little fear of imprisonment!

Hands Off the Loaf!

We are keeping a wary optic on the latest suggestion that the Associated Millers should spend £2,000,000 on buying-up what they naively term the "surplus mills." These are really the "free" mills outside the Millers' Combine, and have, in the past, exercised a very necessary restraining influence on the grab-all policy of the Combine in keeping up the price of the loaf. Is the British meal-table to be presided over by the sinister shadows of the Combined Millers? From which, Good Lord deliver us.

Valentine the Callous.

So lame and ill was Frederick Valentine's horse that it was only the shafts of the cart that held it upright. It was cruelly lame on both its front feet and thoroughly verminous; so much so that it had to be destroyed immediately. Valentine the Callous got off too lightly with a £3 fine at Haydock.

Well Done, Indeed.

When the clothing of an elderly woman at Colne was in flames plucky little Edna Walker (13) and Alice Thornton (12) wrapped their coats round her and extinguished the flames. The woman unfortunately died, but that does not make their conduct any the less noble. Older people have on occasions failed to act so splendidly.

The Force of Tragedy.

Will the railway authorities take steps to make Hinckley station safe? The platform is too short, and is much below the level of the carriages, so that in the rush of hosiery trade workers, Miss Edith Pritchard was seriously injured. The shareholders of this line have nothing to complain about, so it is to be hoped that they will not need a tragic catastrophe to force them to remedy matters.

A Baby Biter.

What manner of beast is William Shaw, a Shirebrook miner, may be judged by the evidence given against him when he was charged with cruelty to his four-months-old baby. Teeth-marks were found on its face where he had bitten it, its cheek was swollen and its eye discoloured, and its body was badly bruised. The Magistrates at Chesterfield declared that he deserved very heavy punishment, and then bound him over! Such a decision is incomprehensible.

Jail for the Feeble-minded.

Mentally afflicted, Hugh Lindsey M'Connell is serving the inhuman sentence of six months in jail at Edinburgh. He needs curative treatment; but there is no institution to which he can be sent. Ten years ago an Act was passed for mentally defectives, but nothing has been done to give effect to its provisions, and people of his class are still being consigned to jail and in some cases to penal servitude. A scandal indeed, about which some Scottish member should raise Cain in the House.

Fining a Fiend.

Crime appears to be cheap in Cardiff. Because two young girls, daughters of the caretaker of Bethany Baptist Chapel, moved a packing-case in a passage they were cleaning, Solomon Shepherd, a tradesman next door, rushed at them in a fiendish rage, held one of them against the wall while he struck her a terrific blow in the stomach and then seized the other by the hands so violently that he broke her finger. For this shocking brutality the Magistrates imposed a fine. Surely the local prison was not full.

A Family Wiped Out.

There are enough tragedies of poverty without the poor adding to them; which is what Louis Tivey, of Donisthorpe, appears to have done. His 13-year-old son was so ill that on the Thursday his neighbours advised him to get the doctor, but this he would not do until the Saturday, when the doctor immediately saw that the boy was dying and in a hopeless condition. This makes the fourth Tivey child to die, and the third inquest on the man's children. Tivey seems to be a heartless unfeeling father; he comes perilously near the scope of a manslaughter charge.

Well Done, Mr. Atkin.

Samuel Sadler, aged 69, was charged with drawing out-of-work pay while receiving health insurance benefit. He was so infirm that he had to sit down while the case was heard. Mr. P. W. Atkin, the Stipendiary, very rightly discharged him as the case had been in abeyance for six months. We would like to hear more of you, Mr. Atkin.

Fined for Kindness!

Joseph Macefield, a Stoke Newington shopkeeper, obliged his next door neighbour with a box of matches "after hours." This act of neighbourly courtesy cost him a 10s. fine at the North London Police Court! Thus, the time of the police, the magistrate, and the court officials was wasted in harassing a man for a kindly action which did harm to nobody. This sort of legal tomfoolery must cease.

Making Bad Worse.

John Tucker, a Whitestone farm labourer, charged at Exeter with cruelty to a dog by kicking one of its eyes out on April 9th, was let off with a fine of £2. That was bad enough, but what was worse was that the police kept the suffering animal alive in order to produce it as evidence in court on April 24th, when the case was heard. The dishonour appears to be about equally divided between the brutal defendant and the callous police.

The Vicar's Grumble.

The Vicar of St. Matthew's, Rugby, has a crinoline-and-bustle mentality. His musty-dusty mind reveals itself in his latest parish magazine literary effusion: "To be married in a Register Office is a most serious step to take, and should only be taken by those who openly avow themselves as unbelievers and Atheists." Is this merely Victorianism run amok, or envy of the marriage fees that go to his professional rival, the registrar?

On the Shady Side.

Northern Estates (Liverpool), Ltd., of Manchester, who advertise partnership propositions seem to be mainly concerned with securing investors for themselves, judging by the experience of a reader who, at their request, journeyed from Newcastle to interview one of their clients in their office, which consisted of a single room in a side street. No satisfactory explanation was given for the non-appearance of the "client," and demands for the promised travelling expenses have failed to elicit a response.

Lip-service Only.

When the Parish Council of Linton, Cambs, advertised for a man to act as Overseer and Clerk, some ex-Service men clerks hoped they would get a look in. Not so. By some occult means Mr. H. Titmarsh, magistrate, County Councillor and member of the Parish Council, got the job. He has also a nice fat job as Secretary to the Shepherds' Club, with a "posh" office and a staff of clerks. Titmarsh, we regret to add, is a prominent Labour politician and a strong (vocal) advocate for ex-Service men.

Hard Sandwiches.

How hard up a man must be before he will carry sandwich boards, may be judged from a letter which lies before us from Phillip Raphael, sole proprietor of the Absolute Advertising Agency, 8, West Street, Cambridge Circus, London, W.C., offering an unemployed ex-Service man, with no pension, 2s. 6d. a day, from which 9d. is deducted for insurance stamps. No wonder the poor wretches who perambulate the streets look despondent, when their bodies are bought for 14s. 3d. a week!

Punish the Grabbers.

The scandal of overcrowding and profiteering in rents of furnished houses and rooms at Scarborough, and other seaside resorts, calls for immediate attention. Profits as high as 300 per cent. above the original rent are being shamefully exacted. These operations are creating conditions as bad as any in cities' slums. Some of the grabbers should be thrown into the sea as a lesson to others.

More Snowballers.

"Alandale and Co.," of Newark-on-Trent, advertise for agents and propound to applicants a scheme for attracting business by the snowball coupon method which we have frequently condemned. Apart from the demerits of the scheme we may remind them that they are liable to a penalty for failing to comply with the Registration of Business Names Act, which requires them to publish the names of their principals on their letter-paper and circulars.

Easy Money.

The great demand for housing accommodation has been seized upon by many unknown firms as an opportunity of obtaining easy money from people seeking rooms. Among such appear to be Eastoe & Eastoe, 665, Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, who demand 5s. for lists of vacancies. Their assertion, that they make no further charge, may be taken as an indication of the extent of their interest in the requirements of those who reply to their advertisements.

Indecent Films in the North.

Grossly immoral films are being secretly hawked in northern cities, and degraded men at Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, and Glasgow are making money by lending or selling revolting pictures of indescribably filthy practices. Many of the films are exhibited in private houses, and the harm they do cannot be over-estimated. The police should make an effort to lay their hands upon the people responsible.

"Deuce" on Sundays.

Loughborough College, Leicestershire, has a good name among educational institutions, and its Principal, Herbert Schofield, B.Sc., M.B.E., A.R.C.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., should be a capable director of studies if the number of letters after a name counts for anything. So long, however, as he refuses to countenance tennis on Sundays—the one day when students are most free to enjoy harmless recreation, we fear we cannot add S.P.O.R.T. to his string of qualifications.

A Cad on Two Wheels.

Only a mad fool would race along down a hill at top speed on a bicycle that had no brake and no bell. But it takes a cad and a cur in doing so to knock a ten-year-old girl down and ride away, despite calls of the onlookers, leaving the little girl unconscious. After three days' search the police discovered the culprit in Ernest Rowles, a farm labourer, of Statham; but their work accomplished little; the magistrates let Rowles off with a 20s. fine.

The Difference.

Charged at Mold, Flintshire, with stealing a bicycle, a sixteen-year-old lad, "the son of most respectable parents," was bound over. Charged at Reading with a similar offence, a fourteen-year-old illegitimate boy, who declared he was sworn at and driven out of doors by his mother if he did not give her money, was sent to an industrial school for three years, although the Probation Officer said he had never had a better boy and could put him in a Church Army Home if a conviction could be avoided. Comment is needless.

Motor Coach Madness.

Public roads are dangerous to all who use them because of charabancs and heavy motors travelling at excessive speeds. The drivers are not responsible, according to a Blackburn solicitor. Their employers demand that a certain distance shall be covered within a prescribed time. This sort of thing must be made unprofitable for the employers by heavier fines. The men must be protected by their unions.

The Wembley Tower.

Surely Mr. Oswald Mosley, the eccentric M.P. for Harrow, could find something more useful to do than to crab the project of erecting a gigantic "joy tower" at Wembley. The common-sense view of the matter is that the building of the tower will provide work for hundreds of men and add to the fun of the fair.

Alas, for Aberdeen!

Not content with dumping enormous quantities of foreign-caught fish in Aberdeen, to the detriment of the local fisherfolk, the Germans are displaying great activity in the granite trade, and causing considerable depression in the other main industry of Aberdeen. Well may people inquire what sinister influence lies behind the marked attentions being paid by the Huns to the Granite City.

THE DEVICE OF VANITY

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

EXPONENTS of the new science of psycho-analysis, if such it may be called, occasionally tell us some surprising things about ourselves.

One of these is that vanity is a sort of trick whereby a man tries to cheat himself and the world into believing that he possesses qualities which in his heart of hearts he knows he does not possess.

The uninstructed may find this hard to understand at first; to most people it will seem wide of the mark.

We are apt to find the vain man irritating, at his worst intolerable, because of his cockyness and pre-occupation with himself.

If there is one thing he would seem to be certain about it is his own superiority to others in the gifts and graces to which he lays special claim.

But the psychologists are now telling us that this is only window-dressing after all.

Unconsciously to himself the vain man is trying to cover up his deficiencies.

His diffidence is deeper than his self-assurance.

He wants to be something that he cannot be, so he assumes the part and plays up to it.

Generally speaking he succeeds in convincing himself that the dramatised figure is the reality, but his deeper self-knowledge—that self-knowledge which so seldom comes to the top in any of us—unerring though unconfessed, whispers a different story.

Few men are without vanity; it is an almost universal trait of human nature. What moral armour is wholly proof against flattery?

Some of the best people in the world are fond of admiration and like to be credited with exceptional merit.

It is a dangerous weakness, and has wrought much havoc in the affairs of mankind.

Yet, as we see, it is rooted in falsehood; none of us would be vain if we could see ourselves as we really are; truth and vanity cannot live together.

Humility and self-respect are two blooms of one plant. Vanity is a weed.

The Smoker's Lament.

Smokers are naturally disappointed at the failure of the Budget to relieve their burdens; meanwhile, there is a strong impression abroad that some of the tobacco firms are making excessive profits. The fact that Messrs. Godfrey, Phillips, Ltd., are now advertising "Derby" cigarettes at pre-war prices tends to confirm this view. Certainly it is a hopeful sign.

Spanish Prisoner Alive—and Kicking.

The "Spanish Prisoner" stunt is a time worn, moth-eaten mug-trap, and it is nothing short of marvellous that it ever catches anybody nowadays. But catch people it does, and an East Riding farmer has been foolish enough to post £500 to Madrid in the hope of participating in the mythical prisoner's very mythical fortune! Readers, take warning!

Labour's Wild Men.

How far is the Labour Party *bona fide*? The trade union movement has a membership of 4,417,000, but those at the core know that it is being dominated by a small minority composed of 1,770 Fabians, 500 *Daily Herald* Leaguers, 25,000 of the Independent Labour Party, 2,000 of the Socialist Democratic Federation, and 3,000 of the Jewish Socialist Party. How long will the tail swing the dog like this?

Sham Prize Offers.

It might be thought that the prize watch ramp would have ceased to attract after the many exposures to which it has been subjected, but a concern called "The Ideal Stores," Old-church Road, Clevedon, is still searching for mugs willing to pay 8s. 11d. for a simulation gold chain to wear with a simulation gold watch As these sham offers frequently reach school-boys and ignorant servant girls we repeat our warning against them.

Another Ark Wanted.

Now that the worst of the wet weather has passed (let us hope) it is opportune for the Leicestershire County Council to take steps to prevent the floods in the valley of the Wreak. These become so pronounced that thousands of heads of live-stock are imperilled and damage done to crops and homes. Hitherto, every flood has adhered to the Biblical example of being followed by a babel of tongues at the Council House. Now let action take the place of words.

Smug Sabbatarians.

Although the Committee of the Victoria Hospital at Southend are continually appealing for help, when they were offered a cheque for £50 by the National Sunday League recently they declined to accept it because it was the proceeds of a Sunday performance, and in consequence the money was given to the Mayor's Distress Fund. We should have thought that the better the day the better the deed and the gift, but apparently it was not good enough for these smug Sabbatarians.

An Inhuman Monster.

In mentioning the tragic death of Mr. F. C. Loveday, while on a visit to Aleister Crowley, at Cefalu, Sicily, we naturally had no desire to cause further sorrow to the poor boy's relatives, who are pained at the suggestion that he was a victim of the drug habit. It is fair to say that there is no real evidence of this, it being far more likely that he succumbed to sheer neglect at the hands of Crowley; indeed, upon the whole facts we are inclined to accept the relatives' view that drugs played little or no part in the sad affair.

Black and White Tragedy

A Woman's Life with a Negro Mountebank

THE terrible dangers which attend the association of white girls with black men in this country have frequently been pointed out to our readers. What unspeakable degradation and abject misery are the ultimate lot of a girl who falls a victim to the fatal fascination of these half-civilised negroes was related to us last week by a woman who is seeking to escape from the loathsome life into which she was trapped when little more than a child, and who hopes that the record of her terrible experiences may save other thoughtless girls from a similar fate.

She is now only thirty-six years of age, but she looks more than fifty, and her sufferings have left their mark in every line of her once handsome features.

At the age of sixteen, when living with her parents in a Glasgow suburb, she made the acquaintance of a negro music-hall artist who turned her pretty head with tales of his rank and wealth in South Africa, and seduced her under a promise of marriage. Having accomplished his vile purpose he deserted her, disclosing the fact that he already had a white wife, and when the tainted token of her shame was born she was disowned.

Soon afterwards she met another coloured adventurer from the West Indies named Henry Smith, who professed deep sympathy with her in her sad plight and intense indignation at the conduct of her betrayer. Vowing that he loved her and would cherish her and strive to make amends for the wrong that had been done, he proposed marriage, and she went with him to the altar at the Roman Catholic Church at Kirkelly.

It was not long before she discovered that she was bound by law to a vile scoundrel who would not work but sought to drive her on to the streets to earn money for him by her shame.

Though he described himself as a music-hall artist, he really acted as a vendor of quack nostrums.

For nearly twenty years this poor woman has travelled about the country as the slave and chattel of a miserable mountebank, living a life of horror which it would be difficult to describe in print. During that time she has borne him four children. Two have died. The elder of the two that survive, now a lad of fourteen, has been taught by his father to revile his mother with unmentionable obscenities. The younger, a boy of eight, is seemingly as devoted to her as she is to him, but is kept from her by the father.

This savage beast latterly took rooms near Euston, which were made the rendezvous for his black associates. The woman has left him on account of his awful brutality, and is at present in hiding.

Can anyone find her work where she will be secure from the brute's persecution?

The Pukka Poo Craze!

Swindling Lotteries of the East

THE Oriental undesirables in this country already exposed in "John Bull" have no intention of reforming and trying to live honestly. They are here to batten on the British public, and this they will persist in doing until a clean sweep is made and we rid ourselves of their obnoxious presence.

THE furtive hangers-on of the Chinese community in Limehouse have been temporarily cowed by our scathing exposures of their complicity in the dope traffic. "No velly good this time. Plenty too much JOHN BULL talkee-talkee."

But they have not given up their evil ways. They will resume the dope traffic as soon as they think it safe. In the meantime they are filling their pockets by a new scheme, or rather an old scheme brought up to date, the plan of running the Chinese lottery game of Pukka Poo.

Our Special Commissioner, who probably knows more of the inner life of Chinatown than anybody except the leaders of the Chung Yee Tong themselves, has never before seen so many indications of feverish activity in the gambling dens of Pennyfields and Limehouse Causeway.

The hieroglyphic signs which show that Fan Tan and Pukka Poo are in full swing are openly displayed. Even more disconcerting are the numbers of poor women and young girls who may be seen going into these shuttered shops and coming out with a lottery ticket in their hands.

A perfect craze for this kind of gambling has seized upon the population of the East End. The out-of-work dock labourer, living on the "dole," seems always able to find the money to try in this way his chance of a fortune. He parts with his cash day after day, hoping against hope, but he does not get the fortune, which remains with the bland, smiling and unctuous heathen Chinee.

The procedure is "velly simple," and there is not "velly long" to wait for the result. You may buy a ticket for a six or seven or eight hour lottery, and at the end of that time the result is declared.

You hand your sixpence to the obsequious Chinese Pukka Poo merchant. In return you get a card, bearing its appropriate number, with eighty Chinese characters stamped upon it. You tick off any ten of these characters you like, and the lottery keeper retains a duplicate.

When the draw takes place a dice is thrown by the "banker," who does not require any assistance or supervision, and what he says are the winning numbers are those from which the prize is awarded. If, out of the ten you have marked, five are winning numbers, you get your money back. If six are lucky out of ten, you get about two shillings profit. If you get ten out of ten, you get wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. The only fly in the ointment is—you never get ten out of ten.

But there are no flies on the "banker," nor in his ointment. Whatever is in the pool it is for him to decide how much goes out. And, in his simple-minded way, he is careful not to let too much go out. As a matter of fact he usually retains more than sixty per cent. of the takings for his "velly muchee trouble," and "velly gleatee risk."

It would be a mistake to suppose that the sixpenny tickets dominate this gamble. Even in the East End there are eager buyers of five shillings, ten shillings, and a pound's worth of tickets. But in the West End very much greater sums are dealt in.

There the agents, who used to handle the dope, are now handling the Pukka Poo tickets. They sell them to the racing crowds, the young men about town, the flash women of the underworld, and to the sharpers who live by fleecing the passengers on the great liners.

Enormous sums of money are dribbling quietly into Chinatown from this illegal traffic. In one case a six-hour lottery brought in over a thousand pounds. Three hundred was paid out in prizes. The balance went to buy a motor-car for delivery in Foo Chow against the impending retirement of a wealthy Chinese merchant who, up to the present, is really a gambling den keeper in Limehouse.

This gambling craze, tinged as it is with Oriental fascinations, is playing havoc in the mean homes of the East End. Poor women are going into debt and pledging their homes and furniture to take part in this alluring lottery. In some cases homes have been broken up by this wild craze for easy money.

Quite recently the police raided one of the dens in Limehouse and took away the cash-box. The Pukka Poo merchants shrug their shoulders and tell their clients that they cannot pay such "velly big plizes" if the police invade their treasury.

The Liverpool police have recently been coping, possibly with more success, with a similar development in their vicinity.

We urge a similar activity in London. It may be that the people who give their money so confidingly to the heathen Chinee deserve what they get, or rather what they don't get. But that is no reason why the undesirable Chinee should be permitted with impunity to fill his capacious pockets.

The Security-Deposit Dodge

Postcards and Permanent Posts

S.P.Q.R. is a strange name for a business in this modern world. In the ancient world these letters were well known and widely honoured. They stood for the Senate and the People of Rome.

Why they should be used to cover the business of Mr. N. F. Kemp, of 2, Arthur Road, Holloway, N.7, (Warehouse, Hertslet Road, N.7) Postcard Publishers, we do not know. But that is not the only thing about his business we do not understand.

We do not know why he should put "Warehouse, Hertslet Road," on his notepaper when he has no warehouse at Hertslet Road.

His business is conducted from 2, Arthur Road, Holloway, which is a corner house with one side in Arthur Road and the other side in Hertslet Road. This circumstance appears to be the only justification for the imposing address on the notepaper. The landlord states that discharged ex-Service men are constantly calling there to see Kemp. One of them happened to be a reader of JOHN BULL, who has confided to us his experiences in this connection.

He advertised for a job giving a box number. He got a reply from Mr. Kemp, who said he could offer him "a Salesman position of a permanent post. If you could manage same,"—an interesting example of double description.

He was also asked what cash security he could deposit, and when he could start.

Before approaching Kemp our reader took the precaution of seeing the landlord of the house in which Kemp has his single room, and then felt better equipped for the interview.

Kemp asked for a deposit of £25—by way of security. Our reader asked to see the warehouse—by way of a guarantee of good faith. Kemp replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Oh, top of the road, but it is closed for the day."

Our reader promptly challenged him to prove it. Kemp did not do so. He lost all interest in the conversation, and in his prospective employee.

But, after the introduction of a little heat, to put it in an unemphatic way, Kemp was forced to admit that he had no warehouse, and therefore no justification for offering employment in it, and much less for demanding a preliminary deposit of five-and-twenty pounds.

There is so much unemployment that people who are out of work are feverishly anxious to get positions. They are being preyed upon by a whole horde of heartless sharks who specialise in the security-deposit dodge.

The experience recorded above suggests the need for very great caution in matters of this kind.

Girl's Agony of Shame

LEANING back in their luxurious limousines and posing as super-respectable citizens, and even as reputable members of society, the women who have been the means of accomplishing the ruin of dozens of young girls, by inducing them to submit themselves to depraved "noblemen," give no thought to the misery of their victims, whose terrible plight is revealed here by our Special Commissioner.

ONE evening last week, in a West End Club, I was introduced to a young woman whose face was the picture of misery. Her eyes, brightened by belladonna, were those of a woman who had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation and despair. Her language was that of a woman who had lost her soul.

She was one of London's sinners, one of the poor, unhappy creatures who live by immorality on our West End streets.

She was not a common girl, but cultured; she had lost her pride of womanhood in the underworld of crime, where crooks, jail birds, ex-pugilists and perverts nightly seek their prey.

This poor girl's life has been a tragedy. She has gone so far along the path of shame that now she has little hope of ever returning to a life of respectability.

But she was not always a sinner. Like thousands of others, she was made the unsuspecting tool of the harpies and vampires who flourish on the trade in souls—who think no more of trafficking in a woman's honour than they do of changing their shoes.

Tears of the Fallen.

Her mother, a widow, is still alive. The poor street sinner has not seen her for seven years. As I spoke to her about her home, and the days of her childhood, her face softened and she gave way to tears. She had lost all trace of her mother, she said. She did not dare to go in search of her.

Eight years ago this girl met a man named Lewis who took her to a suburban theatre. They met several times. One day she confided to him that she was not really happy at home; that her mother, who was very religious, did not approve of her gadding about. She was then seventeen, earning her living as a typist in a Cheapside office.

The man fascinated her with stories of London's night life, enthralled her with vivid accounts of midnight dances and early morning breakfasts in fairy cafes. He promised her that if she would run away with him he would make her his wife. Ultimately she fell to his wiles.

Madly infatuated she left her widowed mother. Disillusionment was swift. The man lured her into the underworld in which he was a leading light.

She was introduced to his supposed mother, who also went by the name of Lewis, and lived in a large house in a fashionable square in Mayfair. This woman turned out to be one of the arch-priestesses of vice. The girl, under the spell of her "benefactor," felt herself helpless. She soon became an important figure in this den of infamy. Her paramour lived in luxury on the wages of her sin.

For months, under the influence of wine and dope, and the promise of a good marriage, she gave herself up to her new existence, and found a strange fascination in associating with the many titled and wealthy men who were among the patrons of her rich hostess.

While money was given to her freely in exchange for her sacrifices, she did not realise the folly of her surrender to the White Slave Queen. That was disillusionment in the making.

Realisation of her folly came with the knowledge that she was about to become a mother. The rich Mayfair woman who had paid, fed and clothed her for the best part of a year wanted her no more. She was hunted out of the house one night after a violent quarrel. Her only resources were a few pounds she had saved during the time she had been the helpless but willing pet of the many depraved and titled men who had sought her.

Held Back by Fear.

Her first thought was to expose the Mayfair flat and the unscrupulous creature who was running it. In her frenzy and despair she actually got to the steps of a police station, but fear held her back. The thought of a law case, with the unpleasant details it would reveal, prevented her from doing this.

The dupe paid the price, while the authoress of her ruin went scot free to carry on her shameless activities in brazen defiance of the law.

She tried to get work. But who would engage a girl in such a plight? How could she be expected to endure it?

The money she had saved was spent in trying to get rid of the baby. In the hands of a dirty unscrupulous half-caste student she lost the right to motherhood. She was dangerously ill for months and, half-starved, was not permitted to see a real doctor. Again fear had conquered. She dare not risk the exposure which would have followed her resorting to skilled medical aid. *The half-caste reprobate had to be shielded.*

When she was better she drifted on to the streets, where night after night she sells her soul. There is no hope for her. As I studied her face I saw in her a woman who was irretrievably broken, crushed, and ruined.

As I left her she cynically observed that there was only one way out. I need not emphasise the dreadful course she contemplated taking to end her stained and unhappy life.

* * *

LET us look at the other side of the picture, that which concerns the men and women who flourish on this vile trade.

Queenie Gerald, the brazen priestess of lust, has been forced into temporary inactivity through the exposures in this journal. But she was not alone in catering for the depraved tastes of the rich roues who infest London.

One of Queenie's competitors is a rich Jewess, who rejoices in a variety of aliases, and who lives in a house at Victoria, where scenes of depravity are nightly enacted.

This sordid creature, whose past has been closely associated with an erotic member of the aristocracy, specialises in trapping young girls. She gains their confidence and gratitude by lavish presents, and then extorts from them—under the threat of demanding payments which they cannot make—their honour, which she sells to her clients.

She has blackmailed many unwary young women, lured them to ruin, and then turned them on to the streets to make way for fresh victims.

Nothing is too bad for her to do. In her luxurious flat men and women, devoid of all sense of shame, are gathered for purposes that defy description.

She herself sits at the piano and leads her clients in the choruses of obscene songs, which are part of the ritual. Wine flows freely at these meetings, and as the hour advances the degredation exceeds all bounds.

Another harpy is a woman who has a flat not far from Chesterfield House. She has lived in luxury at the expense of her ruined dupes for many years, and has a very large banking account.

List of Clients' Names.

I have spoken to this woman, who when in drink, as is often the case, has a foul and blasphemous tongue. She makes no concealment of the fact that she panders to the depravity of anybody who has money.

She keeps a long list of the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the girls whom she can summon at a moment's notice. As a result she has more than once come under the observation of the police.

There are many others like her, living in the lap of luxury, while poor girls who fall into their clutches pay the penalty in broken hearts and ruined lives.

* * *

THE girl I met in the West End Club has also often come under the observation of the police.

She was arrested a few months ago for soliciting. The sympathetic police officer, however, let her go before they reached the station, on the promise that she would no longer practise on his beat.

Hundreds of girls such as she, who now walk the streets in immorality to avoid starvation, have stories to tell of similar tragic sufferings.

But no one listens to them. The Vice-Queens, the white slave traffickers, pass them by in motor-cars and scoff at Society, which sees nothing incongruous or horrifying in these two contrasted pictures.

What have they to fear from Society which strangely regards the crime of soliciting as worse than the crime of procuration?

THE PRIZE BIBLE PUNCHER

Hector Alexander Powell Has Bad Dreams

THE Rev. Hector Alexander Powell, M.A., the self-appointed Secretary of the Bible Crusade, Pembridge Road, Notting Hill Gate, London, W., is in a bad way.

It may be remembered that about a year age we drew attention to his fantastic scheme for compiling a Brobdingnagian Bible, 5 ft. 2 in. high, 3 ft. 6 in. wide, and 7 ft. 10 in. across when opened, consisting of texts written in manuscript by such misguided religious enthusiasts as he could persuade into paying any sum from a shilling upwards for the privilege.

The intention was, if ever this "Great Handwritten Bible" was completed, that it should be mounted on a motor-car in which Hector would tour the country and expound his pages. We pointed out that it was evident that this parson, having lost one living as a consequence of his quarrelsome and disputatious disposition, was endeavouring to make another by the methods of a penny showman.

As might be expected the scheme proved an utter failure, and its originator is now issuing a desperate appeal for funds from 89, Mayfield Avenue, Ealing, in which he makes no secret of his anxiety. He says:

"Just lately I have several times awakened suddenly in the night with a horrible new realisation of the position. The Great Handwritten Bible is not more than half completed. But the Crusade now owes me £400 and I cannot go on any longer. So that it will not spell disaster for me, I ask you to send just something for the Crusade Funds."

A "Statement of Accounts for the year ending 31st August, 1922," shows that the whole of the money subscribed has been absorbed in expenses.

With regard to this we may quote again from the appeal. "The story may never be understood on earth by the many, but if I have failed and wherein I have failed, there lies behind it all a travailing that can never be related in adequate terms."

In whatever else he may fail, Hector Alexander Powell should pass with distinction as a begging letter writer, which appears to be the vocation to which he is now applying himself.

THE KING'S MOST DISLOYAL SUBJECT

Englishman Who Slandered His Country

OF all the undesirables it has ever fallen to our lot to denounce, none is so contemptible as the man we refer to in this article.

THE British are a long-suffering and patient people. They easily forget and easily forgive.

But treason to the country in the time of war, treachery to its honour, are matters which excite their deepest indignation, and which they will neither forget nor forgive.

For that reason they will not tolerate the return to this country of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the notorious and contemptible renegade Englishman, who stayed in Germany during the war, and publicly vilified and slandered the race from which he sprang, and by which he is now disowned.

We have information that this miserable creature is trying his utmost, by means of a false passport, to creep back to this country. He has still property here. His presence is necessary to save his stake in the country he slandered and betrayed. He would crawl back, if he could, to fill his pockets.

May Be in England.

If, as he hoped, this country had been defeated in the war, he would have come with the insolence of a triumphant conqueror. This country won the war, in spite of his puny malice and vindictive treachery. But it is still free to reject him. It flings him back to the land of his adoption.

If his designs succeed, it may be that by the time these lines appear he may actually be in England. In that case the police have a plain duty to perform. He must be immediately arrested and indicted on a charge of treason.

The facts are not in dispute; the evidence is supplied by himself.

During the war, in articles written over his own name, he boasted himself an Englishman. We are sorry to say it is true. He is the son of an honourable gentleman who was an Admiral in the King's Navy, and the grandson of Sir Henry Chamberlain, Bart., who held a high position in the British Consular Service.

We sympathise with the distinguished people with whom he is connected, and to whom the relationship must be a source of bitter humiliation and regret.

His German Wife.

As a boy, Houston was intended for the British Army. He lived, not to serve in it, but to traduce it. Going to Germany he settled in Bayreuth and married the daughter of Richard Wagner, the famous composer. We hope that his German relations are just as much ashamed of him as his English connections.

During the war he did his utmost to comfort the King's enemies, which is an act of treason. And he sought to comfort them by mean and shameless attacks upon the honour of our beloved sovereign, King George V.

In an essay on "Germany's Love of Peace" he declared that the Great War was solely attributable to wicked deception by England—a deception of which he said, "the chief agitator was a king, the mental tool of a soulless, cunning diplomatist (Sir Edward Grey), who worshipped the ancient English principle that in matters of State, hypocrisy and mendacity are the most effective arms."

To Collect His Property.

Is the traitor who wrote this, when his country was at war fighting for its life, to be permitted to come back here and, under the King's Peace—the Peace of the King he traduced—to collect the property he wishes to realise and to take back its proceeds to Germany?

Houston Chamberlain is the same person who, in the crisis of the war, compared the British soldier unfavourably with the German, for whom he claimed an "irresistible superiority due to his moral qualities!"

We may laugh at the claim to-day, and remind Chamberlain's German friends that those who are putting on their armour should not boast themselves as those who are putting it off.

But the malice of it, the treachery of it, the infamy of it, are not matters to be laughed at. Nor ought we to forget the charges Chamberlain made against us during the war, of violence, of brutality, injustice and mendacity.

We do not forget his solemn assurance to the Germans that should the English come off victorious, human culture is cut off and dedicated to death.

Falsehoods and Scurrilities.

We do not forget his description of Sir Edward Grey as the "canting apostle of peace," and of his colleagues, the rulers of England, in the hour of her greatest crisis, as "hypocrites, liars and cheats."

We do not forget his treacherous activities in connection with the notorious *Continental Times*, which he edited during the war, and filled that contemptible sheet with falsehoods and scurrilities, all intended to soil the honour of the country which gave him birth.

A good mother, says the proverb, may bear a bad son. We cannot help the fact that this wretched renegade was born in England, or that he lived to dishonour and disgrace it. But we can, and must, see to it that he is not allowed to come here and enrich himself.

We draw the attention of the Home Secretary and Scotland Yard to this matter, and we await the necessary and appropriate action.

To permit Houston Chamberlain to return here would be an outrage to the dead, who died for the England he derided and bespattered with his foul abuse.

THE WIDOW WHO WAS IGNORED

Heartless Attitude of Australia House

IT is almost unbelievable that such heartlessness as we here reveal should have been shown by officialdom, yet such, unfortunately, is the case.

WHEN a great Government Department is indicted, as Australia House was indicted in our issue of April 21st, the public have a right to expect that, if it replies at all, it should make a serious and effective answer.

We brought a serious charge against Australia House. We told the story of a Yarmouth widow, Mrs. Morgan, whose only daughter, a girl of eighteen, had emigrated to Australia, at her widowed mother's expense, and under the schemes and auspices of Australia House.

We described how the girl went on board the *Berrima* last December; how, from that moment, nothing more was heard of her, save a letter written from Cape Town; how an anxious mother haunted Australia House, seeking tidings of her daughter and could get none; how she found there Australian papers giving reports of shocking sufferings by passengers on this ship, all of which included the statement that several people had died on board, and that one girl had been put ashore mad at Adelaide. She wanted to know was this her girl. She could get no answer.

Unsatisfactory and Inadequate.

We directed the attention of Sir Joseph Cook, the High Commissioner for Australia, to this poor woman's dreadful sufferings.

We have received a reply from Australia House. It is not from Sir Joseph Cook, but from a Mr. Shepperd, Acting Director of Migration and Settlement. We have no hesitation in saying, in view of the gravity of the matter, that this letter is highly unsatisfactory and grossly inadequate.

Mr. Shepperd observes that a simple enquiry by us would have saved us from harrowing the feelings of our readers. He tells us that it would have shown that Miss Morgan sailed in the *Berrima*.

An amazing statement, and surely quite superfluous. Our article complained that she sailed on the *Berrima* last December, *but her mother did not know if she had arrived.*

An Absurd Statement.

That obviously is the really important point. Mr. Shepperd observes that the absence of tidings is "natural enough," as, unless she cabled, there would be scarcely time for a letter to reach England.

The absurdity of this statement is clear from the fact that there was time for the Australian papers, chronicling the arrival of the *Berrima*, and the alarming complaints of her passengers, to reach England. Otherwise Mrs. Morgan could not have seen them.

Mr. Shepperd says that these complaints had no real foundations. We did not prejudge this issue. We explicitly stated that we did not know whether those complaints would be justified, although we observe that questions have been now asked in Parliament and the Government does not appear to know whether any official inquiry has been held.

Mr. Shepperd goes on to say that if Mrs. Morgan had searched *all* the Australian papers she would have been amply reassured. In our opinion she would be amply justified in regarding this statement as a gross impertinence. Does Sir Joseph Cook approve of the suggestion of one of his officials that anxious relatives should seek information, less from his officials themselves, than from a search of *all* the Australian papers?

Unanswered Question.

Mr. Shepperd does not say, the only thing he should say, the only thing Mrs. Morgan wants to know: Whether her daughter *has even yet arrived!*

If he has this information, he unaccountably withholds it, an extraordinary thing in the circumstances. But he does say—what is untrue—that Mrs. Morgan did not "haunt Australia House." Not only did she time after time apply for information there, but it was there that by accident, while waiting for replies to her anxious questions, she found in the News Room the Australian newspapers that so disconcerted her!

Mr. Shepperd proceeds to suggest that "as she lives at Yarmouth it is hardly likely that she would haunt Australia House."

Collapse from Overstrain.

This poor widow came up to London and stayed at a hostel at her own expense so that she might be near Australia House to find out what had become of her lost girl. Since then she has returned to Yarmouth, where she has collapsed from overstrain and worry, and is now lying seriously ill under medical care.

Mrs. Morgan made several visits to Australia House, and from there she went in her anxiety to the Overseas Settlement Society, which, touched by her tragic story, did what Australia House should have done. It cabled at its own expense and, since our article was published, a reply has been received saying that Sylvia Morgan is well, but no address is given.

We need not further emphasise this difference of treatment. It speaks for itself. Mrs. Morgan has been shockingly treated by the authorities of Australia House.

If all the defence they can put forward is a lame and impotent letter, like that of Mr. Shepperd, we think there is all the more reason why Sir Joseph Cook should again be urged to overhaul the Department which acts in such an extraordinary way.

Burnt To Death In Borstal

THERE seems no end to the terrible tragedies which are daily being brought to our notice, as the outcome of the inhuman and infamous treatment meted out to helpless children under the pseudonym of "Reform." No more striking indictment of the Borstal system could be conceived than that revealed by this article.

WHEN will the authorities realise that public indignation against the brutal horrors of the Borstal system cannot be abated by evasive replies in Parliament and by vague assurances that things are better than they used to be?

We are determined to keep the searchlight of public opinion directed on these terrible abuses until Mr. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, does the right thing, and orders a full and independent inquiry into this whole system, which at present is torturing little boys and girls, driving them to suicide in their cells, and pursuing such of them as survive their incarceration with a malignant supervision that hunts them inevitably into the paths of crime.

Sorrow and Tears.

We recently told the story of Christina Noon, who was harassed out of the employment she obtained for herself after she had left Borstal, by the good samaritans and busybodies, until she lost her job and was taken back to her prison-house.

This week we propose to tell the even more tragic story of a young girl who was confined in Aylesbury at the same time as Christina Noon, and who is now, as she admits with sorrow and tears, a dreadful example of what Borstal does for those who have graduated from its Chamber of Horrors.

Clara Whatmore, as she is now known, lives in Upper Marsh, Lambeth, S.E. She is only twenty-two years of age. She was put through the Borstal mill. When she was released, she obtained a situation by her own efforts. Like Chrissie Noon, she was harried out of it by the busy-bodies who insisted upon telling her employer that she was an ex-Borstal girl.

Broken by her long term of suffering, without heart, without hope, without home, with no one to extend to her a sympathetic or encouraging hand, she lapsed into the ways of crime. To-day this girl, for she is little more, has served several terms of imprisonment, and, as she herself says, in a bitter cry of despair, has "no friends, no character, and no prospects."

Is Clara really a bad woman? Is anybody hopelessly bad at two and twenty? Let us tell some of this girl's story in her own words.

"It is a good thing," she writes, "somebody cares for the welfare of them poor devils, shut up in them slaughter-houses. One poor kid I never forget. She was a baby to look at, never been away from home in her life, I don't believe. Well, she burnt herself to death in her cell."

"Annie Price her name was. Tons of girls were ever trying to do themselves in, as we call it. I had a try at it myself, when I was sent back on license revoke."

Learned Crime at Borstal.

"License revoke" means the additional sentence inflicted on these poor children who, on getting their liberty, try to keep it by hiding their past and omitting to report themselves.

"I learned my crime at Borstal," she continues. "It is now too late. If I had only had a decent chance when I came out of Borstal I would never have had a prison career since."

Here, in this pathetic cry, is the whole case against Borstalism, not a fictitious or imaginary case, but coming straight from one of its seared and soiled and suffering victims.

Listen to this comment from an unfettered girl and remember that knowledge by suffering entereth.

"Sir, the one great fault of the system is this—the Borstal authorities are too narrow-minded, they are slow to understand the reason why their system turns out such failures as me, for instance.

"What the girls and boys want is a little relaxation, something to entertain and draw out their talents. There is tons of good in everyone. Poor little devils shut up in there—if only they had more life and colour. Imagine kids shut up in cells—prison cells they are—for three years and more . . . I have seen hundreds of girls sent away to lunatic houses through the treatment."

Twelve Days Alone.

During her term at Borstal, Clara once gave way to a frenzy of passion and wrecked her cell. For that she was given twelve days of close confinement on a diet of bread and water.

"I was left in the lonely block all by myself," she says. "The day was not so bad, but at night-time the owls hooted and screeched around the block all night, and the wind howled, and, oh, it was hell. There was no officer on duty in the building, only the night officer came to look in, and she was so frightened herself that she ran away like a rabbit. I wa in that lonely building for a fortnight, isolated and half-starved. God above saved me from going mad."

As we have said, Clara got a job by her own efforts when she came out, but the authorities of the Borstal Association, that well-meaning collection of pitiful blunderers, "told the people about my Borstal career—went to the place to see the lady who had given me a chance, and told her about me being a B.I. girl. Of course I was fired, and when I met one of my own chums I went back to the old life."

So poor Clara stands, contemplating a world in which there seems to be no place for her. She has been broken on the wheel of Borstalism.

Is there anything more appalling than the confession of this tortured ex-Borstal girl that she was better off when she was in prison than she was at Aylesbury?

"I have been in prison for long stretches, and never had a hand laid upon me, or was bullied once. If you don't mind doing a bit of work the prison officers are lenient and not at all bad. Well, I'll tell you the truth—some of my happiest days were when I was in prison."

We have quoted freely from this despairing outburst of a Borstal victim, because it is a great human document.

Smash the System.

We believe that, in giving it to the world, we shall be helping to do what is Clara's dearest wish—to smash the system which still holds in its cruel grasp thousands of little boys and girls who, if they are not saved, will be exposed to the almost certain fate which has overtaken her, and from which, in her numb misery and despair, she sees no escape.

We say that the system, which pretends to teach girls a trade, and confines them—as Clara Whatmore was confined—to washing and scrubbing prison floors and sewing mail sacks, is an infamous imposture.

Does the Home Secretary really think that the public will be always contented with his refusal to hold an inquiry?—a refusal that is no doubt dictated by the officials whose conduct would be investigated.

We tell Mr. Bridgeman plainly that the public of this country will stand no more of this wicked and wanton torturing of those whom it is its most urgent desire to help and to save.

THE WAYS OF WILY WEBB

Moneylender and Furniture Foister

RECENTLY we criticised the methods of business of Mr. F. Webb, the furniture dealer and moneylender, who gives his address as Holcombe Hall, which is really a shop, at 478, High Road, Tottenham, N. He has, by the way, no connection with the firm of Thomas Webb, Jeweller, of 189, High Road, South Tottenham.

Since then we have been flooded with letters of thanks from those whom he would call customers, but who are practically all unanimous in calling themselves victims.

His advertisements are often alluring offers of a complete home, which is to be sold at a great sacrifice for eighteen guineas. He is careful not to say that the goods are second-hand, which might account for the bargain.

He describes them as being in practically new condition. The bedding is described as "all new," and he is willing to accept a small deposit to secure this lot, which includes bedstead and bedding, bedroom suite, parlour suite, carpet and lino, lace curtains, kitchen chairs, and beautiful pictures.

Mr. S. Cameron, of Grange Cottage, Hasketon, Woodbridge, Suffolk, purchased one of these happy homes. He paid a deposit of £4, "to secure." Then he had to pay the balance of £14 to get the goods. Even then he did not get them, until he paid another £1 5s. for packing, and a further 17s. 1d. for carriage.

He describes his new home without enthusiasm. The bed, he says, is now unfit for use, as it broke after two months' service. The kitchen furniture consisted of two chairs, and the parlour table was about 15 inches square, the only evidence of a "square deal" in the entire "bargain."

Mr. C. R. Sands, of 141, Daubeney Road, Clapton Park, E.5, is another of those who have fallen for the Squire of Holcombe Hall. But for lack of time, he says, he would have taken his case further.

Mr. A. E. Downe, of 23, Darlington Street, Folkestone, is also of the angry band. He says that if he had the money to spare he would have taken Webb to Court long ago. He is an ex-Service man out of work. He went to the police regarding his transaction without result. Then he wrote to Webb demanding his money back. The only thing he got back was his own letter, for which he was surcharged a penny!

Mr. James J. Downes, of 26, Lenham Terrace, Crayford, Kent, is another of the resentful clients of this firm. He, too, would have taken proceedings, if he could. The furniture he got, he says, was nothing like the furniture he was shown.

Mr. C. S. Trendell, of 10, Wesley Road, Harlesden, N.W., has a slightly different grievance. He did not buy a happy home. He confined himself to paying £2 deposit, being allowed a fortnight to think it over. At the end of the time he asked for his deposit back. He did not get it, but was ordered out of the shop.

Mrs. Daisy Wood, of Maypole Lane, Goudhurst, Kent, is the young wife of a disabled ex-soldier. Her husband is still in hospital. Out of her allowance she has been scraping money together to get a home for him when he returns. She would rather forfeit the goods than pay the balance for "such poor stuff." She says, "I have gone out to work, to help to get it paid for, before my hubbie comes home."

We quote these experiences because many of our readers say that had we dealt with Mr. Webb before, it would have saved them money and distress. He caters largely for those about to marry, to whom *Punch* gave the famous and cynical advice "Don't!" We add to it, "Don't believe all that you read in the alluring advertisements that emanate from F. Webb's Furnishing Stores, 478, High Road, Tottenham N."

HORSES DIZZY WITH DOPE

PAT BARRIE whose revelations of faked races have already created a sensation in Turf circles, gives in this article a vivid description of his amazing ride on a horse which had accidentally received a double dose of dope—and felt the effects of it.

By PAT BARRIE—Master Horse Faker

ONE of the questions which are always coming to me from readers and friends is: "How do you dope a horse, and what effect does the dope have?" They want to know what is the dope most generally used, and how. Well, I'm not going to turn JOHN BULL into a text-book on horse doping! All I will tell you is, that dope, in the hands of an amateur, is deadly—to himself. A horse requires just the right amount and no more; and the horse has to be studied, his temper, character and habits carefully noted, and he has to be tried with and without dope two or three times before the actual race, unless you want to come unstuck.

Whenever I doped a horse, I tried to get one that was already a drug fiend. And there are many! I have bought horses out of selling plates that were so dizzy with cocaine that it is a wonder how I got them home. And they belonged to quite respectable trainers, believe me!

I could generally tell from the animal's eyes and his breathing, not only what he has had, but how he has had it. A chronic dope subject you can always tell by passing your hand across his coat. If it is hard and dry, and you can't find some other reason for this condition, you may be sure that, once or twice in his recent career, he has "had it."

Of one thing I am certain: that horses get as much a craving for artificial stimulant as a man does; for the horse is a highly sensitive and highly intelligent animal—a view which is not always taken about the thoroughbred, but which is one I shall never depart from.

* * *

IN the early part of 1920 I was at Manchester, attending the races—not that I had anything running or that I was riding any horse, but I was anxious to find a nice entry. And by "a nice entry," I mean a horse that had an engagement in the near future. What I would do with that engagement entirely depended upon the kind of horse I was able to procure. If he was not much good, I might "ring in" another and win a small race. If, on the other hand, he was a fairly useful performer, and ran well in a race, then I could give him a little "hurry-up" stuff, and we could get away with a parcel.

I stationed myself away down the course to watch the running in the ——— Stand Handicap Selling hurdle race, and I was particularly struck by the running of the second favourite—Gainthorpe, not Grimthorpe, as was printed in error last week.

Gainthorpe was trained in Ireland, and he had been brought over to Manchester with the idea of having a real gamble. He had showed them on the training-ground that he was a fairly useful animal, but he had been a difficult horse to train, and whenever he was betted on, he had let his connections down.

This time he was a good second favourite at 5 to 2, and although he ran well he didn't get nearer than fourth to Sowerby. I could see what was the matter with this fellow: he was a faint-hearted horse, which is a characteristic I have noticed in certain of his breed.

* * *

THE winner of the race was bought in for 280 guineas, and I thought that I would much sooner have Gainthorpe, especially as he had been beaten by eight or nine lengths, and more especially because, looking up my book, I saw that he had an engagement next week at Ludlow.

Negotiations were entered into with the owner on my behalf, and the animal was purchased. After the sale was completed I had a talk with my trainer in a quiet corner of the Grand Hotel lounge.

"I don't think that you've bought this horse cheaply," he said. "He's the kind of fellow who will cost us a packet if we are not very careful. Do you want him for a ringer, or for a straight race?"

"For a straight race," I said at once. "Gainthorpe is a very useful horse. If he does it on the training-ground he can do it on the race-course. The horse is probably nervous of the crowd, and if once we can take his mind off the fact that he's racing for money we ought to pack up a whole lot."

I explained that what we would do would be to take Gainthorpe to Ludlow. Now Ludlow is a very difficult course—next to the National course at Aintree, the most difficult course in the country. And steeplechase jockeys like to give Ludlow a miss, for they are taking a little more than the ordinary risk when they put a horse at those fences.

But Gainthorpe was entered in a hurdle race, and there was no difficulty in procuring a jockey. I told the trainer my plans.

"You will take Gainthorpe to a little stable near the course. I will come down and doctor him, and he ought to win by ten lengths."

For some reason or other I was late at the rendezvous, and the trainer, anxious not to make a mistake, waited till the last minute, put five grains of cocaine on the horse's tongue, and led him on to the race-course. Gainthorpe was in charge of a boy when I arrived, having missed him at the stable, and I looked round to see if I could find the trainer. He was not visible, however, and the time was short. So, slipping out my hypodermic needle, I pretended to be fiddling with his surcingle, and gave him five grains under the skin.

When I tell you that five grains is the most I would ever give a horse in any circumstances, you can foresee the sequel. The saddling bell rang, my jockey appeared, and took one look at Gainthorpe. Then his jaw dropped.

"What's the matter with that horse, Mr. Barrie?" he asked.

"What's the matter with him?" said I—and I must confess I was flabbergasted myself—"there's nothing the matter with him."

The horse was behaving like a wild and ferocious lion. He was pawing the air and snorting, and his eyes were bulging out of his head.

"Nothing the matter with him, eh?" said the jockey, whose name I will not give, for certain reasons. "Well, allow me to tell you, Mr. Barrie, that there's enough the matter with him to stop me riding him."

I could, of course, have taken him before the stewards; but, not being a lunatic, I did nothing of the sort.

Dashing into the jockey's room, I changed into my riding-kit and colours, and weighed out just as the last horse had left the paddock.

* * *

I HAD no sooner got on Gainthorpe's back than I knew I was going to have a journey compared with which a rough night at sea was smooth sailing. However, I have a pretty good hand for a horse, and I had him down to the starting-post without mishap, and luckily we got away with no delay.

He leapt off in front, and the first hurdle we came to he hit with his head and sent it spinning. The second hurdle he jumped about fifteen feet in the air. Between the third and fourth hurdles he tried to bite the nearest horse and was with difficulty restrained. Whilst in the back stretch he did a joyous little cake-walk of his own, that nearly unseated me, and certainly upset the rest of the field.

Oh, that race! Sometimes I was in front, sometimes I was tailed off behind.

He was rolling under me like a ship in a storm, and every hurdle we approached would, I thought, be the end of Barrie. The other jockeys in the race knew that something was wrong, and they edged away to give me as clear a run as I have ever had. If the beast had only jumped straight it would have been bad enough, but he jumped sideways; in fact, one hurdle he negotiated at an angle that nearly brought him out of the field. I pulled his head straight and gave him two more to remind him that his job in life was to win races and not to waltz; but Gainthorpe was too lit up to worry his head about a little thing like a cosh.

"Keep that damned horse of yours away, Barrie!" screamed one of the jockeys, as Gainthorpe tried to bite the ear of his mount.

"I'll change places with you," I laughed, and really I would have given a lot of money to have been on a horse that had never felt the needle.

* * *

I GUESSED what had happened, and between jumps I was cursing the industrious trainer who had given him the dope on his tongue. But there wasn't much time for clear thinking. Gainthorpe did everything except fall. At one part of the race I would have been glad if he had fallen, but he kept his feet and I kept my seat—two miracles which I have never been able to explain to my own satisfaction.

I think it was a two-mile race; it seemed to me like two hundred, and I wanted badly a sight of the winning-post.

In the straight I gave him a couple for himself, and, going like a steam engine, he overhauled the leaders and won in a hack canter by a length and a half.

When I got back to the paddock I was aching in every limb; my hands were raw with holding him.

"Take that horse," said I to the trainer, "and for heaven's sake keep him in some quiet place until he settles down."

* * *

WHETHER it was the dope or not, that experience seemed to turn Gainthorpe into a fairly good horse; and when afterwards I rode him, he jumped his hurdles perfectly, and could have won, only for "reasons of state," it happened that I did not want him to win.

The climax came in a race at Gatwick, in a selling hurdle, which I was paid a large sum to lose. I don't know how I did lose; I think at the end I fell off to stop him winning and the race was won by Submit.

After it was all over, and I had weighed in, a certain official sent for me. He was very pleasant and polite, but his parting words were ominous.

"You didn't win on Gainthorpe to-day, Mr. Barrie. That was a sad accident of yours. Now take my advice: don't you try to win again on that horse."

It was advice which I took. The horse afterwards passed out of my possession, and I don't remember that it ever won races.

TWENTY-FIVE MILLION SPINSTERS

Another Great German Discovery

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

ONE supposes that nothing in the world is more useful or interesting than statistics. Dogs bark at them, hens keep carefully out of their way, and loose-thinkers despise them. But persons with belfries as massive as the dome of St. Paul's spend wonderful lifetimes getting them together and the good, the great, the nice and the eloquent quote them more or less freely—whenever it suits their purpose.

Probably the first statistician was the prehistoric investigator who discovered that five beans make five. We can imagine this gentleman being so tickled with the grand total invariably yielded by the counting of his own five beans that he went round the tribes counting other people's, and was at long last able to stand up amongst his fellows and tell them that their beans were all numbered.

KING David of old was a statistician in the sense that he numbered his lieges or subjects, and the number of things which have been numbered since is legion. The other day I read in a book that the number of persons employed in agricultural pursuits in this country is greater than the number of persons employed in any other trade, profession, avocation or calling. When you consider how many hawkers, actors and taxicab drivers there are in London alone the fact that the agricultural labourers should have the numerical bulge of them seems appalling. Yet statistics prove it.

You can also prove—by statistics—that since Prohibition came into vogue in America drunkenness has virtually disappeared from U.S., while if you happen to be any way anxious to prove the contrary, you can do it—by statistics. This, of course, proves nothing in particular, except that modern statistical science is capable of providing us with a wide range of choice in the matter of data.

THE very latest triumph of the statisticians or figure-clampers has just been sprung on us by an organisation which for the moment shall be nameless. Here is the triumph:—

Twenty-five million European women, the majority young and marriageable, must embrace polygamy or go unmarried to their graves. There are not enough men to go round—thanks to the world-war. The records are said to show that in 1913 Europe had 460,000,000 inhabitants and 9,500,000 more women than men. The population is now 475,000,000, and the surplusage of femininity has swollen to 25,000,000. In other words, there are 1,111 women to every 1,000 men. So that to balance matters and give every lady a fair chance in life 111 out of every thousand men who get married ought really to go to church with two brides instead of the traditional and time-honoured one.

It seems very sad, and so far as one can see there is no remedy for it short of "cheap, easy and frequent divorce," or a partial adoption of the marital methods of Utah.

But who do you think it is that has had the cool cheek and impudence to collate and promulgate these ghastly and intriguing figures? I don't suppose you could guess in a thousand years. Wherefore we had better let the cat out of the bag and mention that the organisation responsible happens to be none other than the German Governmental Statistics Office.

Surely irony and cynicism combined with the coldest kind of ghoulish calculation never went further. Why are there 25 million spinsters in Europe who must either "embrace polygamy" or go "unmarried to their graves?" Why should they "thank the world-war"—and whom, as a fact, have they to thank?

The world-war is finished, and Germany remains. As a people of goodwill, it is up to us to live in peace and even amity with her. Yet we may venture to note that despite her "defeat," despite her loss of prestige and power, and despite her internal troubles, she is still the same old Germany—and what you might call a whale on statistics.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

WHEN Winston Churchill was defeated at Dundee last year, he exclaimed to a friend: "I never dreamt I should be licked by 'Cranky' Scrymgeour!" In other words, Churchill didn't realise that he was up against a man very much like himself. They both have bees in their bonnets (though perhaps the phrase "Hornets in their hats" is a better description of their particular malady); and both of them are self-advertising maniacs.

It would of course be absurd to deny that they are animated by a certain amount of disinterested feeling or the public good, but the force and driving power that have made them notable are the effect of self-obsession. Churchill really does believe that he is chosen by God and his ancestors to rule the imperial roost. Scrymgeour is honestly of opinion that he is chosen by God and the proletariat to *flutter* the imperial roost.

Mr. E. SCRYMGEOUR, M.P.

THE present member for Dundee is personally charming and politically preposterous. In friendly converse he has many endearing qualities. In public controversy he has every abominable quality that makes for class-hatred. He doesn't attempt to conceal his profound belief that everything his opponent says is a lie. He tacitly assumes that those who are not with him are in league with the Devil. His life is practically spent in shaking his fist at those who don't share his views.

GET him by himself in a corner and you are surprised at the godly precepts that fall from his lips. Put him on a platform and you are equally surprised at the barbaric nonsense that comes foaming from his mouth. Needless to add, nearly everything he says is flatly contradicted by himself. At one moment he passionately proclaims the inalienable right of every citizen to freedom of conscience. At another he vociferates, as passionately, the inalienable right of himself and his brother-cranks to restrict everyone else's freedom of conscience.

HIS attitude to the social and political questions of the hour is supremely inconsistent. "A man," says he, "must not be made to fight for his country when he doesn't want to." In the next breath he asserts that "a man must certainly not be allowed to drink beer when he wants to." Which means that the rest of us shall only be permitted to behave as he, personally, shall dictate.

And that unless we wake up is going to be the end of this country: the Dictatorship of the Scrymgeours. They are not confined, these busybodies, to the Labour Party, though Mr. Scrymgeour is typical of the whole gang. In the names of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, he would found a despotism compared with which that of the Romanoffs or the Hohenzollerns was a jolly family party.

WE will, no doubt, continue to laugh at his stupidity, make fun of his Biblical poses, joke about his childish tempers, and even regard his very existence as a gigantic "leg-pull" on the part of Dundee. But he laughs best who laughs last; so we'd better cut the cackle and come to grips!

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

The lucky folks who hear the jokes
That Justice Darling cracks,
Comedians say should have to pay
The "Entertainment Tax."

Once more—altho' tax payers at beer
Has "had a little drop"—
The Brewing crowd have been allowed
To catch us on the "hop."

The plan to build non-parlour homes
Both health and comfort touches;
Folks want a place with breathing space
And not mere "rabbit hutches."

Where are those unemployment plans
These mighty minds evolved?
Their brilliant schemes were simply dreams
Which time has now dissolved.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the MARCHIONESS of QUEENSBERRY,
Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.

MADAM,—Exceeding the speed limit on a straight empty stretch of country road is one thing, driving a car at over 30 miles an hour in Hyde Park is another. You have been convicted of the latter offence, and I hope the experience will teach you to exercise in future a little more sense and consideration. One does not expect this speed folly from women in your position. If you think we are going to allow the Park to be turned into a sort of Society Brooklands you are badly mistaken. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. SAMUEL BLACKALL,
Foundry Worker, Rochester.

DEAR SIR,—I am all out for sane Trades Unionism, but I hate tyranny. Consequently I am sincerely glad that you won your action against the National Union of Foundry Workers. Because you stayed on for three-quarters of an hour to finish a job the local branch fined you. Like a sensible man you refused to pay the fine or to stump up your weekly contribution until it was remitted. The result was that your Union expelled you and, not content with that, took steps to prevent your joining any other. Their high-handed and illegal action fully justifies the scathing remarks of the Judge. You've had anxious moments about your future, I've no doubt, but you've done your pals a good turn by exposing this scandalous misuse of authority, and I feel sure they'll stand by you.—JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT WALLACE, K.C.,
Chairman, London Sessions.

SIR,—On three separate occasions Kathleen Nuthall, a woman of private means, was seen to steal ornaments at Harrods. When in due course she appeared in the dock and pleaded guilty, she had the advantage of being defended by a clever K.C., who convinced you that her thieving was due to ill-health. So you merely bound her over. I wait with interest to see what will happen to the first poor wretch, without either K.C. or private means, who appears before you on a similar charge. I hope you will be equally lenient and give no further encouragement to the belief that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich. JOHN BULL.

To C. RAINE, Esq.,
Lord Mayor of Hull.

SIR,—Your Corporation Tramways Committee recently accepted a Belgian tender for rails, because it was £10,000 less than the lowest British tender. If they had done the decent, patriotic thing and given a helping hand to home industries they would have received £15,000 from the Unemployment Grants' Committee. As it is they don't touch a penny, and Hull is £5,000 down on the deal. Just rub that into the thick skulls of the Committee. They have had an opportunity of doing a good turn to the British workman—and deliberately chucked it away! They ought to be surcharged for stupidity. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HAROLD STARR,
Peshawar, India.

DEAR MADAM,—Your gallant rescue of Mrs. Mollie Ellis from the Afridis stands out as one of the greatest deeds in the annals of British womanhood. While the whole Empire, shocked and impotent, waited for news of the kidnapped girl—and almost dreaded its coming—you penetrated into the heart of a hostile country and by sheer force of character saved her from an unspeakable fate and brought her back to civilisation. You take your place in the proud company of Englishwomen which includes Florence Nightingale and Nurse Cavell. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, Bart.,
Postmaster-General.

SIR,—I want to know what authority you have for your order forbidding postal employees to back a horse or even to go in for a newspaper football competition. I can understand your claim to prohibit anything of this sort during working hours, but do you seriously think that you can ban perfectly legal pastimes when a man is off duty? It seems to me a preposterous bit of presumption. Take my advice and cut it out. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ARTHUR CROSS, V.C.,
Trinity Buildings, Borough, S.E.

DEAR SIR,—After winning the V.C. in 1918, for recapturing single-handed a position taken by the Germans, it's bad luck to be run in for the "crime" of "loitering for the purpose of street betting." Fortunately the magistrate at Tower Bridge is a man with some sense of proportion, and he declined to convict you. I hope that the bad times you've fallen on since you left the Army are now over and that someone will quickly realise that a man of your sort is worthy of a good job. JOHN BULL.

To E. T. NEATHERCOAT, Esq., President,
British Pharmaceutical Society, London.

SIR,—There is an alarming increase in the number of chemists convicted of inaccurate dispensing. For every case that comes to light, however, how many are there, I wonder, that don't? Up till recently we trusted the chemist as implicitly as we trust the doctor, and it is absolutely necessary that this confidence should be restored. It is no good your Society preening itself upon its clean record in the past, and leaving the detection of carelessness to the police—or the coroner! Prevention, even in medicine, is better than cure, and it is up to you to put on the screw. Do it now! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ENOCH CADMAN,
Miner Pennett, Dudley.

DEAR CADMAN,—You have proved once again the fine chivalry of the mines. Caught with your mates in the sudden tragedy of Danby Pit, you stood back in the rush for safety in order to give your chances to a comrade whose bad feet made it difficult for him to get along. It was a fine action, and I am delighted that after spending 24 hours waist-deep in water you were at last reached and brought to the surface. Good luck to you! JOHN BULL.

To Master STANLEY BURGIN,
The Lodge, Croxteth Hall, Liverpool.

DEAR STANLEY,—By picking up and piecing together some scraps of paper which you found in the Hall drive you secured the conviction of the seasoned old criminal who had just walked off with £700 worth of Lady Sefton's jewellery. For a lad of fifteen this strikes me as a particularly smart bit of work. You've got brains and intuition distinctly above the average, and when you're tired of being an office-boy you might do worse than join the police. You ought to have a reasonably good chance of rapid promotion to the detective branch. JOHN BULL.

THE HOUSING HEAVY-WEIGHT!

MR. BUILDING RING: "What's all this row about? I'm quite comfortable!"

(Since the Government announced its housing subsidy the prices of materials have increased by 10 per cent.)

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

OUR issue dated May 6th, 1922, exactly a year ago, opened a new chapter in the history of JOHN BULL. In our leading article for that week we laid down certain definite lines of policy in public affairs, and, at the same time, promised our readers a live, independent journal, free from fads and foibles, and attuned to the spirit of the times.

To Our Readers

At this first anniversary of the rebirth of JOHN BULL we are content to accept the public verdict upon our efforts. The certified net circulation figures published in the next column speak for themselves. No weekly periodical could desire—none certainly has ever received—a more remarkable tribute of popular favour. We interpret these figures as showing that the public recognise the sincerity of our aims, the earnestness of our desire to serve them, the true democratic character of the policy for which we stand. The steady championship of the "bottom dog," the exposure of shams and frauds, the condemnation of iniquities that enjoy the patronage and protection of the well-to-do, do not always make for popularity; but when a newspaper consistently pursues these aims, it may count unquestioningly upon the loyal support of the best elements in the nation.

In the space of twelve months this journal has become a leading platform for the discussion of public affairs, while at the same time retaining a position of entire political independence. In our editorial columns we have criticised each party in turn, and shall continue to do so, whichever group seizes the reins of power. This attitude needs no apology. We are tied to no party, harnessed to no group of politicians, pledged to no Government. In social affairs we shall continue to let the daylight of publicity into the dark places, while upholding the standard of humanity and progress; in short, we intend to "carry on," in the hope and belief that soon a million readers will claim the friendship of JOHN BULL.

THE Astors are a queer couple. Lest anyone should doubt whom we mean, let us at once make it clear that we refer to the Rt. Hon. Viscount Astor and the wife of his bosom, Lady Astor, Member of Parliament for the Borough of Plymouth.

The Astors

The headway these people have made, in spite of certain initial disadvantages, is really amazing. Although they are both Americans they have contrived to take an active and even an impertinent interest in the domestic affairs of the British people. Although they are extremely rich their favourite hobby is to plan the lives of the poor. If the British democracy needs a lecture on faith and morals, where is there a more eloquent mentor than Lord Astor? The unction of his Lordship's speeches in the Upper House has never been surpassed. It is almost as though an angel from heaven had descended upon the red benches disguised in the quiet habiliments of a Peer of the Realm. Occasionally the aristocratic assembly may become a little restive under the chaste admonitions of this American millionaire, but what of that? For the good of their souls Lord Astor is "telling them," and for the most part they are as quiet as mice. No one ever dreams, for instance, while Lord Astor castigates the drink trade, of asking him what precise amount of revenue his newspaper interests draw from liquor advertisements. Yet we wonder what the "Temperance Council of the Christian Churches," to which Lord Astor lately subscribed £1,000, would have thought if they had known that this sum represented about seven weeks' takings for drink advertisements in the Sunday newspapers he owns and controls.

It is a sad world in which such glaring inconsistencies can flourish. Perhaps it is for similar reasons that the House of Commons declines to take Lady Astor seriously when she talks about Prohibition. In these matters it is the whole-hogger who commands respect, and before Lady Astor is listened to with patience on this pet subject of hers she will have to empty her own cellars of their bounteous contents and persuade her husband to banish liquor advertisements from the columns of his newspaper. This country does not love the Pecksniff family any better when they speak with an American twang.

CERTIFIED NET SALES

THE DIRECTORS, ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

DEAR SIRS,—
We have examined the Company's accounts and records relating to the undermentioned issues of JOHN BULL and certify that the Net Sales (exclusive of all free copies) after deducting Returns received during the week of each issue were as set out below:—

Dec. 2, 1922	507,091
„ 9	536,864
„ 16	552,144
„ 23	564,901
„ 30	579,838
Jan. 6, 1923	587,990
„ 13	594,344
„ 20	616,122
„ 27	621,238
Feb. 3	640,870
„ 10	668,496
„ 17	679,343
„ 24	685,834
Mch. 3	691,539
„ 10	706,503
„ 17	713,377
„ 24	749,658
„ 31	754,158
Apr. 7	773,344
„ 14	776,160
„ 21	784,463

Yours faithfully,
FRANKLIN WILD & CO., HARWICK MITCHELL & CO.,
Chartered Accountants, London, 30th April, 1923.

WHEN the present Divorce Court was two years old, Queen Victoria protested that the reports of its proceedings were unfit for publication. Now, after a lapse of sixty years, the question is once again brought to a head, and a number of well-meaning people, among whom we are surprised to find Lord Buckmaster, demand the exclusion of pressmen from the Divorce Court.

Divorce Court Reports

This surely would be a monstrous innovation. What is the evil with which it is proposed thus drastically to cope? It is suggested that certain newspapers, in their desire for sensationalism, have gone beyond the limits of decency in the reporting of divorce cases, and that the morals of the rising generation are thus imperilled. But even so, to shut the reporters out altogether for the sake of curing this abuse is like using a Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut.

If newspapers do not know the limits of decency they must be taught. The law already provides penalties against any publication which a jury considers indecent or obscene, and if, as the Lord Chancellor tells us, juries are reluctant to convict newspaper proprietors in respect of legal reports, it can only be because the average jury does not take quite such a squeamish view of these matters as certain eminent Law Lords.

For our part we shall strongly resist any effort to curtail the right of reporting. The freedom to refer to the proceedings of any Court, within the limits of decency laid down by the existing law, is an essential part of the liberty of the Press, and an important safeguard for the sound and wholesome administration of justice. Secret proceedings are beyond the range of criticism, and by that fact are brought within reach of corruption. Far better that an occasional blush should be brought to the cheek of Mr. Podsnap's "young person," than that the Courts should forfeit in the slightest degree the public confidence they now enjoy.

IT is time the word "dole," as applied to the unemployment grant, was banished from common use. It gives a false impression. The word smacks of charity and tempts people to forget that the money the workless are drawing is the proceeds of the contributions they have invested under the Unemployment Insurance Act. Further, the use of the word "dole," and the misconception underlying it, prompts many thoughtless persons to demand the abolition of a scheme which for hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen has been the sole bulwark against starvation since the war.

Doles and the Needy

A more heartless proposition it is hard to conceive. When industry revives and the spectre of hunger is banished, the abolition of the unemployment grant will be cordially welcomed, but until then no Government will be mad enough to tamper with it. The tender mercies of the Poor Law are not good enough for the men who won the war.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH THE PROFITEER?

by A. G. GARDINER

THE question is for Mr. Chamberlain. He has produced a scheme for dealing with the housing scandal. It is not the scheme we should have liked, for the houses are too small, and the number likely to be provided cannot make up the deficiency or, indeed, do much more than keep pace with the growth of the new demand; but it is a sensible scheme, as far as it goes, and does as much as we could hope for in the circumstances.

But the question is, will the profiteers of the building trade kill it as they killed the last? That, of course, was a ruinously bad scheme. It was simply an invitation to the vultures to come and be fed. And they came.

And unless Mr. Neville Chamberlain has some drastic way of circumventing the vultures they will make havoc of him as they made of Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. Addison. Already they have begun their operations. The first hint of the new scheme with its provision of public money led to activity among the building trade "rings," and within a month or so the price of materials has risen by ten per cent.

If this tendency is permitted to continue unchecked the Chamberlain scheme is doomed, for it will eat up both the subsidy from the Government and the subsidy from the rates. The money of the taxpayer and the ratepayer alike will have gone to the rings.

Nor is it the working-class houses alone which will be hit. If materials rise for one class of house they rise for all, and the operations of the rings will bleed the middle classes with the rest. Their case is as desperate as that of the working-classes. The cost of labour has come down, but the cost of houses has not come down, and the middle-class dwelling which in 1914 cost £400 is still being offered at £1,000 and more. Private building in the present condition is made impossible, for no one but a fool will buy a house for £1,200 which he knows must depreciate enormously in a few years when these inflations of value have passed.

The key to the solution of the housing question, in short, is the price of materials. The ring round the house must be broken before houses can be economically built. Until the stranglehold of the profiteer upon building operations is lifted it is useless to provide public money for houses. It only means that there is more money for the monopolists. It does not mean the provision of cheaper houses to live in.

It is for Mr. Chamberlain to face this fact boldly, and to deal with it mercilessly. The remedy ought not to be beyond the wit of man to devise. It should be possible for him, by a system of costings and a calculation of the price of labour to fix a reasonable figure for the supply of all the necessaries of a house, and he should let the rings know that the tariff could not be exceeded.

If they conspire to defeat him and to hold up the supply of material, then he should have the power, which we exercised in the emergency of the war, to commandeer the factories and put the profiteers under hatches. Whatever his method, the country will support him if his purpose is to show that the wretchedness of the people is no longer to be exploited by the rapacity of the rings.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH PAI

by the Rt. Hon. Sir GILBERT PARKER,

IS it for the good of the country that the present Government should rema in power? Even if it is, are there any alterations in the constitutio of Parliament itself which would be beneficial to the citizens of our land Sir Gilbert Parker in this sound and sane article deals pointedly a authoritatively with these questions. His opinions may well give heart the most pessimistic reader, particularly as they are based upon long and clo association with the majority of our present legislators.

IT is easy to criticise Parliament. I represented one Constituency at Westminster for eighteen years, and perhaps I know something about it. At present Parliament does not seem to come to close grips with housing, unemployment, the divorce question, the drink question, the agricultural question and many others. But let us not take a narrow view. The late great war killed the ordinary courses of Parliamentary legislation. It dominated everything; it represented an immense expenditure, often excessive, sometimes ridiculous, always above the normal, because of the world crisis.

I believe this Parliament has lived up to its pledges. It has helped to restore the peace of Europe, it has by its Tranquillity policy steadily restored trade, it has at last secured a new attitude of France and Germany towards Reparations. It does not glitter, it gleams.

LET us ask what has been done in Europe since the Armistice. Two things and only two great things—the Naval Conference at Washington and the Settlement of the British Debt, the former under the late Government, the latter under this. Those were done with the aid of the United States, which has proved itself a friend of Europe and of civilisation. Japan has reduced her army and navy; she gave back Shantung to China. There is the open door in China and all Europe would reduce its armies and its navies were it not for trouble with Turkey and the fact that Germany does not pay her reparations.

A Coalition Government in time of war was inevitable, and it might have endured with success for perhaps a year after the war; but parliamentary administration practically ceased in the United Kingdom at least three years ago. There was no legitimate opposition. The late genius of a Prime Minister, an autocrat in time of war, continued to be an autocrat in time of peace. The services of the Foreign Secretary were almost abandoned, and the Prime Minister did his work through the Cabinet Secretariat, which Bonar Law has given its proper place. We do not need geniuses now. We need men of common sense.

IT is said the existing Government does not represent the best brains of both parties, Conservative and Liberal, as the last did. It perhaps does not represent the most brilliant brains of its own party, but it is logical, steady, honest and straightforward, and is doing the most difficult thing that a Government can do: it is standing firm to principle, and Europe is now giving it an opportunity to prove itself, as Lord Curzon said lately in regard to France and Germany and the Reparations.

When ex-Cabinet Ministers and their friends criticise this Government they should not forget that four Ministers of the late Cabinet are in the present Cabinet, and that Under-Secretaries like Mr. Bridgeman, Mr. Amery, Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, the Hon. F. L. Wood, Sir Robert Sanders, Sir Montague Barlow, Earl Winterton, Major Tryon and Sir John Baird were in the late Government, while Lord Derby as Secretary for War and British Ambassador for Paris, and the Duke of Devonshire as Governor-General of Canada were also under the late Government. What is needed now is a common-sense and a democratic Government, and if the present Prime Minister is not a common-sense democrat, where shall we find one? He has the most logical brain in both Houses of Parliament and he deserves the united support of the Conservative Party.

Rt. Hon. Sir GILBERT PARKER, Bt.

Lord Birkenhead, than whom there is no more brilliant and powerful-minded man in politics, has written lately a bitter and unjust article on the present Government. No one can deny his immense intellectual qualities, but one must deny his political judgment at times. That he and others should want a Coalition Government now is beyond belief, and that Bonar Law's Government has passed from "discredit to discredit" is not true. He and Austen Chamberlain and Sir Laming Worthington-Evans and Sir Robert Horne should give their vigorous support to the present Government. National patriotism should be greater than internal party differences, and because the problems of the future are not differences between Conservatives and Liberals, all else should give way to that. If there is anything wrong with Parliament to-day, it is the lack of absolute combination of the Members of the Conservative Party.

Dissenting Conservatives should take heed. We shall have a Labour Government in the United Kingdom as sure as the sky is above us. It is, of course, easy to predict, predict this: before five years go Conservatives and moderate Libera unite and the extreme Liberals will g the Labour Party; a issue will be fought o upon Free Trade an tection, because we sort of tariff now: no the Home Rule qu for both parties uni settling that; but up issue between capit labour; and all interna strife should give way vast national need.

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ONG WITH PARLIAMENT?

e Rt. Hon. Sir GILBERT PARKER, Bt.

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The present Parliament is noisy and trying and difficult, but so was that of 1906. The ritual and procedure of the House of Commons conquers all. During my time in Parliament I saw more violent scenes than occurred the other night. I saw the present Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs throw a book at the head of the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. I saw angry and violent Irish Nationalists carried out of the House. Nothing worse has occurred in this Parliament, nothing one-fifth so bad as in the days when Mr. Peel was Speaker.

What's wrong with Parliament? We have at last got back again to a legitimate opposition. That way safety lies. The more powerful the opposition, the better the Government. It would be good to see Winston Churchill back again in Parliament. The late Prime Minister and himself are the most cruel and powerful critics that a Government can have, and any Government is better for criticism. Whether this Government should be reconstructed or not is beside the question. The success of Stanley Baldwin—the Chancellor of the Exchequer—is, however, the best immediate reply to the critics of Bonar Law's Government.

The present Budget may be criticised, but all criticism admits that it gives relief in every quarter and reduces adequately the public debt; Ramsay Macdonald admits that. Financiers in the City say that the 6d. relief will set free far more money for investment; and it cannot be thought that the present Government has failed in its Finance Department—to-day the most important. Even Mr. Asquith said he would not have taken 6d. off the Income Tax at all.

THE Housing question was the direct cause of the defeat of the Ministers since his Government took office, but occasional by-elections have never been a test of the opinion of the whole country, and Ludlow is the best reply to those defeats. There Liberalism and Labour suffered heavy loss. We are back again to the true parliamentary system—the legitimate strife of parties, not for power alone but to secure effective legislation.

The truth is, every Parliament is overworked, this and the last, and all. Double the amount of work is done in Parliament now than in 1900. Cabinet Ministers must rise to the opportunities offered them. Where there are big needs there should be big solutions, and big solutions require not geniuses but big common-sense minds.

In the Right Hon. W. H. Smith there was in England one of the greatest leaders of the House of Commons this country ever knew. He was not a great talker, but his good judgment affected the whole of the Cabinet. That, I think, is the sort of man we now have as Prime Minister of this country.

AS a remedy for the overwork of Parliament there should be given to Scotland, England and Wales subordinate Parliaments as in Canada, Australia and South Africa. But since that is not possible at present, let the Government in power have its chance.

There are only two financially solvent great nations in the world to-day. They are Great Britain and the United States. Though we have lost much of our foreign trade—one need not now go into the question why—the British pound has increased in value because the Nations of the world are investing their gold in British stock.

We shall pull through and all the Nations of Europe can pull through if they are given the terms that Great Britain has been given by the United States.

ALL Nations in Europe can pay their debts, and the present Government and its Prime Minister put forward in January last a possible solution of the payment of debts which, with modifications not radical, can enable Europe to return, as she must return, to solvent Governments and solvent peoples. The assets of Europe are solvent though Government Treasuries may be bankrupt.

What's wrong with this Parliament? Nothing, save disunion in the Government Party and in the Liberal Party—nothing else that cannot be put right. Let us hope; let us not be pessimists. It is not those in the inner ring that see most of the game. Parliament is safe. Give it a chance.

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SIN AND THE SABBATH

by Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER

AS the son of a parson and a man who once had serious thoughts of adopting theology as a profession I have the greatest respect for people who think that Sunday should be devoted to churchgoing and acknowledging their manifold faults before God.

They may be right that we are becoming an irreligious people because comparatively few men attend church. My own belief is that there never was more genuine religion than now, and the reason we do not more frequently attend divine service is because the churches do not keep abreast with modern thought, because so many sermons are pappy and because in moments of great crisis the theologians are cowardly.

The Sabbatarians can't force us to go to church. What then are we to do? Are we to stay at home singing hymns and reading elevating literature?

There is a great movement for Sunday games. But the cry reverberates throughout the land that we are leading the nation into ungodliness and sin.

Last year, after a long struggle, it was decided that the London parks should be free for games on a Sunday. Tens of thousands of young people who could not afford motors, or expensive golf, or to belong to a tennis club, got better results out of these games than lounging on park seats or mouching round the streets. I saw the radiance in their countenances which told of health and happiness

There comes to me a wailing from the provinces because it is proposed that not only should Sunday games be allowed, but that they be encouraged in our great industrial centres.

Are we not all acquainted with those slouching groups of young men who hang round street corners on Sunday afternoons—not bad lads; but listless and bored and with conversation not always of the nicest sort. What narrow-minded sanctimonious individual is going to persuade me that it would not be better for these fellows to be playing cricket?

We proclaim the advantages of athletics. But there are millions of people who cannot get physical exercise during week-days. They hanker for the sports of youth. They need a day in the open. Their minds are clearer; the grousing spirit evaporates; they work all the better during the days that follow. Who dare cast stones at them as sinners because they desire to be happy on Sunday?

There is a strain of mean pharisaism about those bigots who cry "Woe, woe, if you play cricket on Sunday you will go to hell." They are the offspring of the people who denounced the theatre as the road to eternal damnation. Now everybody recognises the educational advantages of the stage and school children are taught to take part in plays. Sunday newspapers and Sunday evening lectures were once regarded by the Sabbatarians as irreligious if not actually blasphemous. Now they read the one if they do not continuously attend the other.

Bigotry is a tough weed. Half the professional theologians who plead for tolerance are intolerant when anything conflicts with their hard-baked ideas. They have got to learn that if a nation is healthy and happy it is sure to be good.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Alfred the Great—Failure

by HARRISON OWEN

SIR ALFRED MOND, charged with obstructing the Minister of Health in the execution of his duties, pleaded "Not Guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., in opening the case for the public, explained that the charge related to offences committed in the House of Commons and elsewhere, which took the form of obstructive criticism of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Housing Bill. "I would like at the outset," said Mr. Watchdog, "to make it clear that I am not appearing for Mr. Chamberlain, but on behalf of the Bull public. I would be the last to deny that the new Housing Bill is susceptible to great improvement, but, having regard to the utter failure of the accused to provide houses during his term of office, he should be the last to indulge in destructive criticism.

"Throughout his career as Minister of Health accused seemed more anxious to compete with Mr. George Darling, C.B.E., Mr. Justice Robey and other professional humourists than to provide homes for heroes. The fact that accused himself was not a sufferer from the housing shortage—being possessed of houses at Lowndes Square, Romsey and Swansea and, moreover, being always able to get a shakedown for the night at the Reform, Royal Automobile or National Liberal Clubs—had caused him to display a cynical indifference towards those for whom home, sweet home was synonymous with a slum tenement or a bare room in a back street.

"In addition to coming into the world with a gold-mounted cigar-holder in his mouth, Mond was convinced that he had also made his entrance fully attired in cap and bells, with the result that he never failed to say the silly thing at the psychological moment, an instance of this being his remark that young married couples should be so happy that they should not mind having to live in one room.

"Mond in motley was bad enough," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "but Mond in opposition, indulging in bogus indignation because the new housing Bill does not provide for sufficiently large parlours, is even worse."

Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, said that the chief complaint against his client appeared to be that he was possessed of a sense of humour. Sir Alfred wished everybody—or, as our French friends would say, *tout le Mond(e)*—to be as merry and bright as he was, but, unfortunately, Alf's Button did not belong to this particular Alf. This Alf had no magic button which he had only to rub to have his wishes gratified, otherwise the Government to which he had belonged would have provided homes for Englishmen as well as a national home for the Jews.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

"It is all very well for the prisoner to declare that the type of parlour possible under the new housing scheme is not worth having," commented Mr. Justice Bull; "but those who cannot acquire luxurious homes such as are owned by some members of the wealthy lower orders will probably agree that half a loaf is better than no bread at all. When the people asked for bread the prisoner gave them a stone, though a few bricks would have been more to the point. In view of all the circumstances, I will sentence Mond to set to work and provide houses, with parlours, for 500 families in the next three months, even if he has to accommodate a proportion of them at some of his own luxurious dwellings. I also direct that the Moorish bathroom at prisoner's Lowndes Square mansion shall be sub-divided and that his Swansea residence be handed over to the municipality for the use of some of the homeless families in the district."

UNHAPPY "SOUL" BRIDES

In the Clutches of a Sham Prophet

VICE UNDER CLOAK OF RELIGION

THE American authorities have at last "got a move on" with regard to the blasphemous antics of the self-styled "Seventh Messenger Angel of the Kingdom of God" and "Patriarch and Prophet of the House of David," otherwise Benjamin Purnell.

But when will our own authorities act in the matter of the girls who are enticed from this country to seek a "Spiritual Home" in the Abode of Love that is run by this strange sect under the Cloak of Religion?

The Passport Office can be inquisitorial when it likes, and women travelling for legitimate business reasons are from time to time held up on this side or at Ellis Island for no other reason than that they happen to be travelling in the company of a man to whom they are neither married nor engaged. It does not matter that the woman be of unblemished character and above suspicion, strait-laced officialdom cannot allow this assertion of feminine independence and the parties are generally put to great inconvenience and often humiliated in public.

BUT when it is a matter of a young and innocent girl going to this Abode of Lust the mere fact that the name of religion is introduced seems to disarm all suspicion and the facilities for travel are given. Apparently the "House of David" has no recognised headquarters in this country, but its literature circulates freely and there would seem to be itinerant missionaries who make their appearance suddenly in the villages and small towns of England, Scotland and Wales, there to seek recruits among likely girls who are dazzled by the tales of the wonderful life that awaits them in the "House of David," where they can count on being well housed and clothed, with no work to follow save meditating on the teaching of the "Seventh Messenger" and "King."

ANOTHER branch of the Patriarch's activity is in connection with the adoption of young children who are brought up at the abode. The sexes are carefully segregated at first, but when girls are taken into the family either by adoption or after "conversion" they are paraded from time to time before wealthy men they have never seen before, men who they are told are to be their soul mates. Each girl is allotted to the mate who chooses her after appraising her with the eyes of a roué, and then the "Patriarch" performs a "marriage" ceremony according to the rites of the sect.

The chief qualification for a husband seems to be his readiness to pay into the funds of the "House of David," funds controlled by Purnell himself, a sum which varies in accordance with the worldly charms of the "Spiritual Bride." Purnell is careful not to have too many Ugly Ducklings in his Abode, but now and then there are a few who would not have the slightest hope of securing honourable mention at a moderate beauty show. These are allotted to husbands for a mere song or may be turned into the kitchen to cook for the rest of the Abode.

Few of the "marriages" are lasting, for the "King" claims the right to dissolve them at will, and he spends as much time in dissolving marriages as he does in making them. Apparently the only qualifications for a dissolution of marriage are that the male partner should have tired of his bride and should be ready to pay in cash for his release.

Once released the wealthy patron can be united to another "soul bride" and there are some who have been "married" many times in this manner to the girls they have chosen from the harem of the "Holy Man."

THE facts have now come to light through the action taken by disillusioned women and the "Patriarch" is a fugitive from Justice, but hopes to find asylum in this country from his "persecutors." After the manner of these sham prophets the "Patriarch" has laid hold of the Treasure of the Abode, which consisted of much jewellery and ready cash.

It is not too much to demand that the authorities should see to it that neither children for adoption nor young girls for baptism are allowed to leave these shores to fall into the clutches of those behind this blasphemous propaganda.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"The moon, rising, silvered that dreaming room a LEPROUS WHITENESS. The sleeper stirred, moaned, put forth an arm, groping blindly in THE BLACKNESS OF THE ROOM."

"CHAMPION":—"He GLANCED SHARPLY ROUND, and spotted the dusky rider only a few yards IN FRONT OF HIM."

"DARWEN NEWS":—"The function was also graced by the ABSENCE of several prominent local leaders."

"EVENING NEWS":—"The first is aged 80 to 85 . . Wearing A COLLAR RESEMBLING A CLERGYMAN'S GREY TWEED CAP."

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"DAILY MIRROR":—"His big weight made the stairs CREAK as he leapt SILENTLY up them."

"MORLEY AND SADDLEWORTH REPORTER":—"The bride . . . was prettily attired in a GREY CREAM serge costume."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"During the night he rose, and, entering the room where a DOZEN of the jokers were asleep, stabbled several of them with his long knife. He killed TWO and seriously wounded A DOZEN OTHERS."

"ROWLAND NOVEL":—"A middle-aged woman with her ARMS ROLLED UP . . . approached her with a knife and a plate in her hand."

"HERTS EXPRESS" (advertisement):—"MOTOR SIDE CARS and OTHER HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES, 10s."

"BARNET PRESS":—"P. C. Wing said he found the HORSE STRAYING RIDING THE BICYCLE. Noticing he WAS SWAYING A GOOD DEAL, and that HE HAD NO TROUSERS CLIPS ON, witness stopped him."

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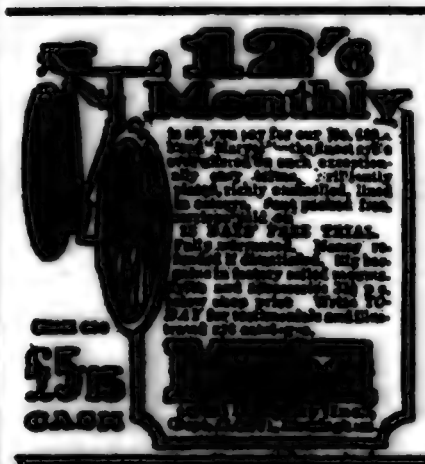

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Married Love.

"I HAVE been married a little over a year, and have one baby. Since her birth I have practically lived the life of an exile. My husband, although he finishes work at six, never comes home before eleven, but stays out with his friends drinking. He earns a very good salary, but allows me barely enough to live on.

"I have done everything possible to make the home attractive for him, but without any result. He never takes me and the baby out, and seems to regard our home as simply a place to sleep in. Although he is not cruel in the sense that he doesn't hit me, his neglect of his home and wife and child are worrying me dreadfully. Is there any advice you can give me?"

"Humanist" says: *You had better have a straight talk with him, and if life is unbearable, consult a magistrate.*

The Born Coward.

"FROM childhood until now, and I am 31 years of age, I have been a born coward. I was always afraid of rough games or of venturing where bolder schoolmates did. As I have grown older I have certainly not grown better. I turn faint at the sight of blood.

"My doctor recently ordered the removal of 26 teeth. I made an appointment with the dentist, but only got as far as the operating-room, and, nearly fainting with apprehension, would not proceed with the operation.

"I have tried to fight this unmanly cowardice, and would give ten years of my life to be as other men are. Can you give me any advice?"

"Humanist" says: *Cowardice is a relative term. Few people are really brave. Perhaps you exaggerate your own fears. Keep your body healthy—deep breathing exercises may help you.*

A Gambling Husband.

"WHEN my husband, whom I married during the war, came out of the Army he had one terrible failing—gambling. He has since gambled away every penny we had. From time to time he will take his month's wages, and disappear for a week or two at a time, losing it all at race meetings. His employers have threatened that, if it occurred again, he will lose his work.

"He has now been away for a fortnight, and I have had no word from him. I know I shall hear soon, and then what shall I do? He appears to be conscienceless where money and racing are concerned. I have had to go out to work to keep myself and the child, and to pay his debts—he even borrowed from moneylenders to gamble.

"In spite of this terrible failing of his, I still love him, but I am worn out in body and soul, hopeless and helpless, and cannot go on like this much longer, as I do not earn very much. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Humanist" says: *Gambling is a disease with some people; the lure of easy money irresistible. Don't know what help I can give you—his own sense of decency should tell him how badly he is serving you.*

Religious Differences

"MY husband and I are of different religions, he being a Protestant and I a Roman Catholic. We have been married five years and have two children. My parents are Catholics, and I would never have married my husband had he not promised that any children born to us should be brought up in my religion. Now he insists that our boy, who is old enough for school, must go to a Protestant school.

"If I give way to my husband it means that I shall fall out with my parents. On the other hand, if I do not consent, it seems that I shall spoil a happy home and lose a good and kind husband and father. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *This is a matter in which I do not like to interfere. See your priest and ask his advice. My personal opinion is that your husband's wishes should come first.*

Married to an Indian.

"I WAS a lady's companion to the wife of an officer living in a hill station. I quarrelled with my mistress and had to leave. I tried to get another situation and failed. The few rupees I had saved were soon spent and I was nearly starving.

"The Eurasian who ran the boarding-house where I was staying advised me to apply to a native contractor for a loan. I swallowed my pride and approached him. He assured me he would help me, but demanded security. I broke down in his office and cried bitterly.

"I am ashamed to say what followed, but soon afterwards I married him and we went down to his house in the plains. There for several weeks I was bruised body and soul by orgies of debauchery. I was forced to wear native dress and eat native food, and became, in all respects except colour, a native.

"After a time I found that my husband kept a number of native women in the house. He soon tired of me, and I thought I should have some peace. But I forgot the native standard of morals.

"I am free now, but please tell English girls to have nothing to do with black men!"

"Humanist" says:—*Your terrible story is the common experience of those who have mated with coloured men, and should serve as a warning to others.*

Half-hearted Forgiveness

"I AM engaged to be married. In the midst of my newly found happiness, I received a bombshell from my fiancee in the form of a confession that, prior to our engagement, she had committed misconduct with another man. But she will tell me nothing more.

"In my love for her I offered immediate forgiveness; but no matter how I try, I simply cannot forget, and the thought of it all makes me very unhappy. Should I ask her to release me from my obligation?"

"Humanist" says: *Unless you are prepared to obliterate the whole incident from your mind, I think you had better ask to be released. Half-hearted forgiveness (which I fancy is all you have been able to manage) is worse than useless, and a sure breeder of trouble.*

A Hard Case.

"IN 1915 my only son was killed; a short time after, my only daughter died. My husband, although a lot above military age, enlisted, was discharged as medically unfit, and received a pension for one year, which then stopped. He has been idle for nearly two years, in receipt of neither dole nor pension. I receive 5s. a week in respect of my boy. Must we go into the workhouse?"

"Humanist" says: *I am desperately sorry for you and would like to help you, but alas! Your case is all too common. I will draw the attention of "The Greatest of These" Fund to you, but they can only help you temporarily.*

The Deaf Girl.

"UNTIL a year ago I had a good job and was happy. Since then I've known what it is to get low spirited and depressed, feeling that there is nothing to live for though I am not 24 years old yet.

"And all because I am slightly deaf. I have tried, God knows, to get any sort of job, but people don't want me when they know of my affliction.

"The only person who seems humane to me is my dear mother who is herself bedridden and an invalid. Often I wonder what I shall do when she goes to Heaven; life then will be so black. I dread the years ahead and am afraid to go on. She gets weaker every day for want of nourishment. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says: *I sympathise with you deeply, but try not to be depressed by your affliction. The L.C.C. have evening classes for deaf people of all ages where lip-reading is taught. I have known stone deaf people so expert that it was difficult to tell that they were not normal.*

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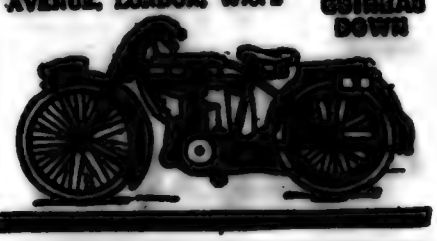

Sports and by ROWLEY

THE GUINEAS—THE CITY—SYSTEMS AND SOME BIG ODDS—THE VICTORIA CUP.

The Guineas.

To-day the 2,000 Guineas will be decided and on the state of the going at Newmarket depends a whole lot; for we saw at Doncaster and at Newbury that there is one horse in the race who in the mud can gallop rings round such animals as Twelve Pointer and Vambrace (who isn't the earth, I'll admit); and that our duck-footed animal is Parth.

Not Only a Mud-lark.

I am not so sure in my own mind that Parth's speciality is mudlarking. I think it is ever so much more likely that he has won his races because he can stay. In my judgment—which isn't at all humble—the Rowley Mile is an ideal course for this son of Polymelus and Willia. He won two races last year: one over five furlongs, where he beat nothing very handsomely, as he was entitled to do, for he was receiving 12 lbs. from a moderate horse like Wood Harmony, whom he beat by 8 lengths; and one at Doncaster, over 7 furlongs, where he showed himself to be a 17 lb. better horse than Legend, and an 8 lb. better horse than Twelve Pointer. In fact, with 9 to 4 betted on Twelve Pointer, Parth beat him in the most decisive fashion. He ran second to Volcuse at Sandown, getting nearly a stone, and second to Portumna, who received 5 lbs. at York; and was unplaced to Polyantha, Drake and Rosemead, to whom he was trying to give 15 lbs. The distances, except in the last race, were five furlongs, which obviously did not suit the horse. I'm not going to make a long story about the 2,000 Guineas, but, ignoring even Papyrus and Town Guard, I am going for

PARTH**

For the fillies' race on Friday, there are three which are worth consideration: Cos, Suryakumari and Crispena. If Parth wins the 2,000, the tip for Suryakumari is so obvious that it need not be urged. It is by no means certain that the filly will run at the time of writing. Nevertheless, I must go for

SURYAKUMARI.

to win the 1,000 Guineas, taking Cos, and if absent, Crispena, as the danger.

THE VICTORIA CUP.

Amongst the important races down for decision is the Victoria Cup. There are many horses that are well in: Erchwemos, my outsider for the City, *made the running in that race for seven furlongs.* I am going for Bonne Race because I regard this horse as a perfect seven-furlong animal. He held the record last year (why a colt should be called "bonne" the lord and his namer know!) and by record I mean time record over 7 furlongs, both at Newmarket and Epsom, (1.25 3.5 at the former, and 1.21 4.5 at the latter). Yellow Dwarf's time was 1.20 4.5. I take BONNE RACE with some confidence.

That City!

I confess that the result of the City and Suburban leaves me dazed and helpless When I stepped lightly and confidently into Tattersalls, the market told me, in the most emphatic manner, that whatever horse won the City, Soubriquet would not be anywhere near the first three. Those fine old English sportsmen who decorate the rails in Tattersalls were even willing to lay me seven to two that Soubriquet would not finish in the first three. They were equally anxious to lay me three to one that Copyright would finish at the head of affairs—and those bets could be had for any amount of money. In fact, I haven't struck anything that smelt quite so like a turn-up in my life as the aroma of joyous confidence which emanated from Tatt's. And Soubriquet not only did not win the City and Suburban, but was hopelessly tailed off.

Systems.

I see so many requests for my opinions on systems, that from time to time I find it necessary to clear off a whole heap of unanswered correspondence by the brief and simple expedient of stating my view in a sentence.

All systems are good if you can find one winner in eight trics.

The trouble with systems is that a bad streak of luck breaks you. At the beginning of the season one man wrote to me about a wonderful system for backing Donoghue's mounts, starting with a 5s. stake and doubling up till a £2 stake was lost, and then increasing each subsequent stake by half. If that system had been followed, it would have been necessary to put £30,200,000 on the winner Donny rode last week.

And you'd hardly get that much on—even in the silver ring.

Betting.

Which brings me to another query, which is important in view of the agitation for a betting tax.

"What," asks a bright lad from Salford, "is the most money you could get on in the ring?"

It depends. At Tanat Side, a couple of hundreds would send the books to cover. At Ascot, you could get £10,000 on in normal times—that is to say, on one race.

Big Odds.

The biggest odds I have ever seen offered (I mean by a straight layer) is the 50,000 to 1 offered by a certain Accumulator Expert (he takes nothing but accumulator bets) against a six horse "all on." He is neither a philanthropist nor a swindler, but a very shrewd business man, who has a system by which he can "back in" a horse on the course to save himself. He lays 2,000 to 1 a four-horse accumulator, which is generous.

The Typist's 50,000 to 1.

The other day one of his typists asked if she could have a six-horse accumulator to threepence, and although he doesn't accept such small bets, he laid her. And she pulled off a 50,000 to 1 chance. He paid her £625 and fired her. He knew she would be unbearable after that.

A Few Adjectives.

It was a sad, drab, grey, wretched, wet and sloppy City and Suburban day, and the only people who were perfectly happy were the bookmakers. I personally came back from Epsom seven score to the bad; and only the perfect Pullman service of the Southern Railway from Tattenham Corner relieved the misery of the day.

All Trying.

I heard rather a precious saying about one of the races at Epsom. After the horses had passed the post, and a few bright specimens, who hadn't been busy, had made their theatrical and carefully timed dash to secure fifth place, a weary pressman shook his head and said: "Everything in this blinking race is trying! They're either trying to win or trying to lose!"

The Judge.

I hate knocking a man in his new job, but really young Mr. Robinson's ideas of distance are fantastic! When you see a horse win by a little more than a clear length, it is rather disturbing to find "Won by a neck" put up in the frame; and that is exactly what happened at Epsom. Of course, it may have been a mistaken signal between the judge's box and the agitated gentleman at the frame (who insisted upon putting a jockey against the word "Number") but one's confidence isn't strengthened.

"Oh Dear Oh. Dear!"

What curious things one sees in the early part of the season! Some of the triers had the very worst kind of luck, by the way. Jacynth, who was backed to win a fabulous fortune (nobody tipped this horse, and I only heard her name mentioned a few minutes before the race) was the victim of a cruel little contretemps, which may have made all the difference between winning and losing. As the field came down the hill past Tattenham Corner, a big sheet of newspaper, which some fool had allowed to remain in the middle of the course, blew right up in the filly's face. She swerved half-way across the course before Spear could get her straightened, and that swerve cost a few sportsmen thousands of pounds. She will win races.

SELECTIONS.

NEWMARKET (WEDNESDAY).

1.45. Cuckoo (Overture, Vivacious).
2.15. Portsoy (Monnale, Elunyd).
2,000 Guineas. Parth* (Scyphius, Roger de Busli).
3.30. Grand Folly (La Bergeronnette, China Orange).
4.0. Polydipsia (Well Shot, Golden Arch).
4.30. Mink (Lilaline, Appleby).
5.0. Dandhaconach (Harpenden, Tanglewood).

NEWMARKET (THURSDAY).

2.0. Girvan (Chaltoi, Rock Drill).
2.30. Thistle Glass (Sibilant, Plucky Jenny).
3.0. King Willow (Polyhistor, Pandarus).
3.30. Simon Pure (Perse's selected).
4.0. Double Entendre (Princess Charming, Idumea).
4.30. Dalkeith F. (Grand Knight, Hades).
5.0. Kwannen (Gay Canopy, Famdon Bridge).

NEWMARKET (FRIDAY).

1.0.. Haversham (Montcalm, Carbonaro).
1.30. Regent (Corbridge, Rookwood).
2.0. Friars Daughter.
1,000 Guineas. Suryakumari* (Crispena, Cos).
3.0. Post Royal (Jacquot, Stavropol).
3.30. Cloth of Gold.

HURST PARK (SATURDAY).

2.0. Royal Hussar (King George, Telepathy).
2.30. Argosi (Gypsy, Billy Beck).
Victoria Cup.—Bonne Race * (Erchwemos, Blackland).
3.45. Perse's Selected.
4.15. Stowe (Platinum, Overture).
4.45. Adorza (Active Lad, Lady Diana).

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Will some sporting millionaire come along and indemnify me to the extent of about a million pounds, so that I may speak the truth and nothing but the truth about the Great Metropolitan? Applications should be accompanied by a certified cheque on the Bank of England.

TEN POUNDS FOR AN ACCUMULATOR.

I will give £10 to the reader who sends me on a *postcard*, the most profitable accumulator of 4 horses for next Saturday. The imaginary stake to be £1. One accumulator on each card—just a simple accumulator and nothing else. The prize goes to the reader whose "paper" shows the most profit. Postcards must bear Friday's postmark, and be addressed to

ROWLEY MILE,
"John Bull,"
94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Friday's "Sporting Life" has Saturday's programme and form.

I don't seem to have had the name of my first prize winner. His card was signed:

"Holdom,"
31, Broughton Street,
Battersea, S.W.8.

The winners of my second competition were a gentleman who signs himself

R. U. Sporty,
c.o 26, Alfred Road,
Kingston-on-Thames.

and

Ernest J. Long,
79, Clifton Road,
Kingston-on-Thames,

both of whom sent the paper "Overlaude and Strathbraan, 5s. double." Mr. Long, as a matter of fact, sent his as a treble with Thoughtless, who was a non-runner. £2 10s. will be sent to each of these gentlemen, and £5 to "Holdom," if "R. U. Sporty," and "Holdom" will send their real names.

Runners and Riders.

The unluckiest horse at Epsom was Saucy Girl filly, on whom Mr. Elliott seemed to be taking things a little easily, when R. Jones, Esq., came up with a wet sail, overhauled the filly, who was winning in a hack canter, and made a dead heat of it. Childs, Jones, little Beasley ("the farmer's boy") and Donoghue, share the two mile honours between them. Of these, I favour Master Jones.

"Horses That——"

I have added to my list of "horses that were better dead," the names of Scamp, Blenheim, Castalian, and Vivaldi.

I shouldn't be surprised to see Tons of Money win a race. At Wye, in 1927, probably. Seriously speaking, Leslie's horse ran remarkably well for a mile and a half in the Metropolitan. The most improved horse in training is Ragout. By the way, it is very doubtful if Glass Idol would have won if the rider of Sangrail, the eminent Mr. Brennan, had kept to the rails.

Dick's Way.

Dick Wootton had a short, sharp method with jockeys who left the rail berth and allowed something to get up beside them. One can hardly suggest so drastic a treatment to old and more experienced jockeys; but it would be excellent for racing if such correction could be administered without loss to their dignity.

"Come on, Steve."

And talking of jockeys, what a reception Steve had when he won on the even money Tanglewood! There is no doubt whatever that Steve has a large hold on public imagination, and that the punter is genuinely fond of the little man. And they have every reason to be, for Steve is a nice, decent, modest fellow, with a big heart—too big a heart—and an ever open pocket for the ear-biter. He'll have his turn of luck again, and I'll take three to one from anybody who'd like to lay the odds that Steve heads the list of winning jockeys by the end of the year. Will anybody lay me?

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Never back horses from a stable that has not proved its form.

* * *

There are a few disgusting features about Epsom racecourse that the authorities should take in hand before the Summer meeting.

* * *

A course tipster at Epsom gave Glass Idol, Dry Toast and Time. And such men are allowed to live.

* * *

Long and sad were the faces of homeward bound punters on Wednesday last.

* * *

I saw a great two-year-old at Epsom. He was looking on and didn't like it.

* * *

Jimmy Rothschild is getting more and more like Tom Webster's picture of him every day.

* * *

I want to see Sir Charles Hyde win a race. Here is a sound, all round sportsman who deserves to win a nice stake.

* * *

Proconsul and Wild Mint will most certainly win races. Make a note on your cuff as Bill Maisey says when he can't think of anything else to say.

* * *

Two of the very best racing journalists, "The Scout" and "Tattenham" never bet. At the same time, some very good racing journalists do. I, for instance.

* * *

The difference between a mug punter and a clever punter is that one loses packets and the other loses parcels.

* * *

When a trainer says "Mine has too much weight," he often means, "Mine isn't trying very hard."

* * *

Bold and Bad would probably have represented Lord Astor in the Two Thousand, even if Light Hand had not "jarred" himself when winning the Craven Stakes.

* * *

The unbeaten Suryakumari, who is well fancied for the One Thousand, is said to have shared the improvement already manifested in Parth and Portsoy.

* * *

There will be rejoicings in Jewry if My Lord wins the Derby. Mr. "Jack" Joel is "tipping" his colt to all and sundry.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

R. (Chelsea).—You ask me for two to bet on in a back-end double. I can't find 'em two minutes before the off!

TILLY (Bloomsbury).—The horse that was left a hundred yards in the Metropolitan and won easily was Kilbroney. He carried 7st. 11lb., and the year was 1911.

LOVE OF PROFIT.—Duggan's address is Cantonal Bank, Altdorf, Switzerland.

I suggest the following names for unnamed Two-year-olds.

Saucy Girl f.—by Greenback. Cocotte.
Miss Grits f.—by Sunstar. Upward.
Desolation g.—by Young Pegasus. Chimaera.
(Mounted on Pegasus, Bellerophon conquered the Chimaera.)

HORSES TO NOTE.

Turiosia (3 yrs.).—Bearing in mind the fact that he was obviously short of a gallop or two, this colt ran uncommonly well behind Gay Canopy at Newmarket. He should win soon.

Ilmayd (4 yrs.).—For some unexplained reason, this filly did not fulfil her engagement at Derby. She has, however, done well with change of stables, and is worth keeping an eye upon.

Harry Tate (3 yrs.).—This gelding was running a bit out of his class at the last Newmarket meeting, and in the circumstances acquitted himself remarkably well. He will win races in moderate company.

Werwolf (4 yrs.).—A hopeless proposition in the hands of a boy, this horse is quite useful with a man in the saddle. This is a fact well worth bearing in mind.

Carbonaro (3 yrs.).—Dawson Waugh trains several "maiden" three-year-olds which will win races in due course, and this colt, who is good looking enough for anything, is quite one of the best of them.

Pias Hewydd (4 yrs.).—This horse would have won the Doveridge Plate at Derby quite comfortably at seven furlongs, and if seen out in a race of that distance, or shortly under, he should not be missed.

Hungarian (3 yrs.).—When made a "screaming" favourite, this colt was "crowded out" at the start last time he faced the starter. The son of Hapsburg may make amends next time he carries silk.

Campbell Kid (4 yrs.).—Although not representing a very high class, this mare is useful over a mile or thereabouts, and reports from Burbage are enthusiastic as to her present well-being.

Vigneron (3 yrs.).—This three-year-old, who will be more easily identified, perhaps, as the Vulpina colt, is a very useful animal. He will probably be doing Bewicke's stable a good turn shortly.

Alignment (3 yrs.).—When second to Strathbraan at Derby, this filly was probably running over a distance too short for her. She should do better over a mile or thereabouts.

A Telephone Talk.

"Hello . . . that you, Rowley? Going down to Epsom, are you? Well, listen . . . Royal Hussar will win the first race . . . yes, yes, I know all about his last performance, but back him. *Don't* back So and So in the ——race—keep off him, he isn't trying. Good-bye."

And So and So started a hot second favourite and didn't win! What an amusing business it is! It will win, though, but not next time out.

Invincible Newport.

The football season is dead, but may I call attention to the fine record put up by the Newport Rugby XV.? This fine side was unbeaten up to Saturday—the only invincible club in the country, I should imagine.

"John Bull" advises you to do your business with

Douglas Stuart

and said he is "as safe as the Bank of England."

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Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc. That doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callosities, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for awhile, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out it will come root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

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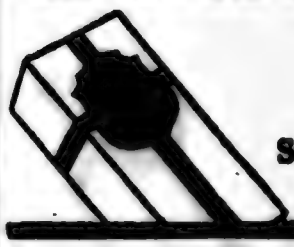

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Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

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"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."
HENLEY.

THIS is not by any means a new story, nor is it an unusual one, except in one or two features, but it cannot be too often repeated, because the very people affected are usually the last to realise its consequences. It has the merit of being absolutely true—but let me relate it to you.

It opens in a small manufacturing town, somewhere in England, June, 1917. A youngster, aged 17, is off to join his regiment, having succeeded in enlisting after many attempts. His parents and his brother and sister wish him God-speed, and a few months afterwards he returns home after the ravaging 'flu epidemic has run its course, faced with the realisation that he is the only one left. Father, mother, brother, sister, all taken in one short month, and he gets the first taste of bitterness.

However, he goes back to his regiment, and on to France, coming home again in September, 1918, recommended for a commission. The war ends in November, though, and he is demobilised from the Cadet School.

Then comes the realisation that alone, with no experience of the commercial world, it is a practical impossibility to find employment, and the bitterness increases until, becoming penniless, he turns thief, and steals.

There is no need to linger over this unsavoury fact. He is brought to trial after a fortnight in prison, and bound over as a first offender. Then a further hunt for employment and eventually he obtains a job. Providentially his references are not enquired into, and he feels there is something good in the world after all, and he sets out to reinstate himself in the eyes of his fellows.

Nearly two years pass by, and late 1922 gives him an opportunity to go ahead by sitting for an Examination in connection with his department. He sends in his application and gives his references. But—this time Providence deserts him, and the enquiries which are instituted brand him as having been a thief and he is refused permission to sit. He appeals to authority, not to inform his department, but to no avail. He is requested to send in his resignation, and he goes back to the hell he fondly imagined he had climbed out of.

He is in a worse position than ever, because he has worked for two years, and, in his own judgment, he has cleaned himself. But, in the judgment of Society his name is still associated with—THIEF. Now he is down and out again. What in heaven's name is he to do?

You might ask me how I know all this. How I know his feelings, his bitterness, and all he *must* feel. I know it all because I am the soul of the boy who transgressed four years ago, and the man who is kicked right back into the gutter now. I know I did wrong. I make no excuse. I received the punishment due to me. Can I not be allowed to take my place as a decent member of society again? Have I to continue, day in, day out, with no hope now or for the future? Am I not paying a thousandfold for my sin? If there is no way out, then there is little left for me in this world.

But let me say a word to any parent who might read this story. Sons and daughters nowadays have extravagant ideas. If you can tell them a true story of what happens when money tempts, it may serve as a warning to youths and girls entering on the threshold of their future. Try and realise what it all means—how much you are throwing away. Your self-respect, the respect of all your friends, and unless you have the means—the possibility of your livelihood. Your folly will haunt you through your life, and you'll pay just as I am paying now. You'll become one of the "flotsam and jetsam" of the world, isolated in a maelstrom of your own creation, buffeted here and there at every change in life's current.

I wish I could command an instrument which would reach the heart of the world, and I would broadcast a message to the whole of its population. A warning, and an appeal to those who are tempted as I was, to pause and consider what it means. Weigh the credit side carefully, and then look at the debit column. Ask yourselves is it worth it that you should smash your present and your future into a thousand million atoms—become an ostracised outcast among your fellows? Whether *your* attempt at rehabilitation will not result in you too being dragged back by the millstone you contemplate forging round your neck?

If you can realise what the debit side of the account, continually piling itself up as time goes on, means to you, then you will take my earnestly meant warning seriously. There are many ways of robbing your fellow men, legal and illegal. If you rob him legally, you may become a very respectable citizen, but the chances are you won't. If you rob him illegally, no matter how trivial the offence might be, it will dog your footsteps for a lifetime. Hundreds of times have I made application for a job. But when the question of references crops up——

Four years ago I was bound over for a petty crime. How dare I make application for an honest man's job? God in heaven knows I'd work from morning till night for anyone who would give me a decent start on life's high-road again. But no—I'm in hell for the rest of my life. Am I wrong, I wonder, in hoping and praying that it won't last long?

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Miseries of Nervous Men and Women

Being run-down means that your vitality is low. Your feet easily grow chilled. You do not sleep well and are not refreshed in the morning. Work is a task, meals are no pleasure; you have no energy to enjoy yourself.

Thousands of men are run-down by anxieties of work; thousands of women are broken down by their household toil, with tired limbs and an aching back; and thousands of girls are pale, listless and without attraction. It all means the same thing—thin and deficient blood, vitality run-down, anæmia, poor appetite, palpitating heart, short breath.

Don't submit to this. Get new blood and new vitality with it. There is no difficulty. Dr. Williams' pink pills always make new blood and at once build up vitality. A man, woman or girl who takes Dr Williams' pink pills is never "run-down." Their friends notice how vital and energetic they are, and how much they enjoy life.

So if you want new vitality—and more, take Dr. Williams' pink pills. All chemists sell them, or send 3/- to address below for a box post free.

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Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Betting by P.O. Officials.

It is a truism that people cannot be made good by Act of Parliament, but apparently the Postmaster-General or one of his subordinates hopes by means of a prohibitive order to stop the betting habit among Post Office employees. The following notice was recently posted for the benefit of Glasgow postal workers: "Any employee found betting or gambling on or off duty, or *taking part in any newspaper guessing competition or any competition in connection with same*, will be dismissed." To many workers, who readily admit that hitherto they have enjoyed an occasional gamble on a horse, or have put a bob on a football coupon, this notice has come as a bomb-shell.—*J. R., Govanhill.*

Travelling Harems.

Parliament must do something to protect silly stage-struck girls—many with no capacity for the stage—from becoming victims of bogus managers of cheap revue-type shows on the road. The methods of some of these men are an incentive to immorality. Girls have to live and are expected to dress well off the stage, yet they are not paid a living wage. Despicable stage-door loungers are encouraged to regard every show as a harem, and most of the girls as harlots. The stage is shamed by these things, and respectable artistes are anxious that the cesspool should be cleared away. Innocent girls are on the fly-paper before they know it. Parliament can protect them by demanding from every touring manager proof that he is a fit and proper person to have young females under his control.—*J. M. C., Leeds.*

How long London's Horses last?

I think Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham is exaggerating when he says that a London dray-horse seldom lasts more than six months. If he enquires at any contractor's yard he will hear of many instances of horses being at work for seven or eight years, and often as long as ten or twelve. Nearly all London carmen and draymen love their horses, and take a pride in them. Instances of cruelty are, in comparison, almost infinitesimal.—*G. Freeman, 3, Old Manor Lane, Rotherhithe, S.E. 16.*

Wails of the Dying.

It is my misfortune to live within hearing distance of a slaughter-house. Almost daily the harrowing screams of pigs in their death agony leave our household distressed. The butcher ("A Christian Worker") evidently does not know of, or does not care for, the invention of humane killers. Your recent splendid article in JOHN BULL gives a ray of hope, but I am afraid that unless the use of the humane killer is made compulsory, a large number of hard-bitten butchers will continue on the old cruel lines.—"*Humanity,*" *Okehampton.*

Only Soldiers' Lives.

Commenting on the erection of the new Stadium at Wembley, an evening paper reports, "That in order that the structure should be thoroughly tested, 1,200 soldiers were employed. They marched about in close formation, stood and sat in unison. No weakness was apparent." A good job for someone there wasn't any weakness. What would have been the consequences if there had been? The probability of collapse is perhaps not great, but accidents of this kind are by no means uncommon. Surely other methods could be employed in testing structures of this kind.—*R. McK., 2, Douglas Terrace, Paisley.*

Silly Serials on the Screen.

At present many serial films are being shown, usually with the same plot, which are absolutely rubbish. There is nearly always a hidden treasure, a map of which is constantly being stolen by the hero and villain alternately. Might I suggest instead of these pictures kinema managers should give us serials such as, say, "A Trip Round the World," with the ship entering a different port every week? Such a serial would not only be interesting, but educative for such of us who cannot afford to travel abroad. Should a scene depicting a ship entering a port be necessary in any story picture, too often it has been "taken" from a lurching motor-boat, when we get the horizon at the top of the screen one moment and at the foot the next. Now, then, producers get your cameras ready.—*Thos. R. Sims, Robson Street, Glasgow.*

Seaside Sharpers.

The seaside cheap-jack auctioneers are getting ready for their season's campaign. Let happy visitors beware of the man who offers a lovely "cold" watch and rolled-gold albert (off which the gold will roll in about a week) for the "nominal" sum of about £2 10s. It seems ridiculous that sharpers of this kind can obtain auctioneer's licences without question and without enquiry into their antecedents.—*W. B., Flowery Field, Hyde.*

Unwanted Panel Doctors.

Is it not time our panel doctor system was reformed? Why not increase the sick benefit and allow a contributor to get his own doctor. I think the doctors would take more interest in a patient than they do at present if they knew that the said patient could transfer himself immediately should he decide he was not receiving the best attention. There are hundreds like myself who pay contributions, though the doctors of our choice are not on the panel list. Therefore, it means paying for our own doctors and also contributing to the State for the upkeep of doctors we don't want.—*J. Dow, Bridgeton, Glasgow.*

A Smoker's Grievance.

Is it not about time that the wealthy tobacco firms had some mercy on the man who can only afford to buy his tobacco in small quantities? It is bad enough to have to pay 120 per cent. more for a smoke than in pre-war days, but when the manufacturer takes a hand in the game, the smoker is skinned to death. I refer to the "ounce" packet swindle. Out of eight varieties of "mixture," all put up by firms of repute, I found the average smokable contents to be just over two-thirds of an ounce to the packet. One well-known mixture contained half an ounce of tobacco dust, mixed with what appeared to be sweepings. Others, varying in price from 1s. to 1s. 2d., were nearly one-third dust. These figures are not based on single packets—at least three "ounces" of each kind were tried. "Long live the profiteers!"—*H. R., Newcastle.*

Caged Indeed!

It is a distressing sight to see the number of hopelessly tiny cages in which many birds are confined. Passing through almost any street where the less lucky members of Society dwell in poverty, one frequently espies cages measuring less than eight square inches. Birds love space and freedom probably more than any other living creatures. It is hard enough that they should be imprisoned at all; but if this must be done, the cages should never be less than one cubic foot in size. The trouble is entirely due to thoughtlessness, for most bird-owners passionately love their pets. The legislation should take a hand in this matter.—*P. Barry, Hendon.*

Inspiring Love for Animals.

Regarding the inadequate punishment that is frequently meted out to fiends convicted of ill-treating dumb animals, I think the expansion of an idea that was worked successfully at my old L.C.C. school would do much real good. Every boy was encouraged to keep a pet, and as the teacher took an interest in every way, I might add that every boy was interested in the pets, even if he was not the owner of one himself. If boys were taught to love animals in this way, it would minimise the number of "juvenile offenders," and reduce the number of cases of blatant cruelty.—*V. T. Stacey, 50, Meeting House Lane, Peckham.*

Tow-path Torture.

If a poor man is found in our streets with a horse over-loaded, he is prosecuted for cruelty to dumb animals, which is as it should be. But when are the police or the N.S.P.C.A. going to take action against the rich coal merchants who daily permit horses, and more often, small mules to struggle along the canal towing-path pulling two and even three barges full of coal, each barge containing 20 tons?—*Alfred Chance, Little Bayton, Exhall, Coventry.*

Garden City Snobbery.

People with a bit of money are urged to build themselves a house, and yet how difficult things are made for them when they decide to do so is shown by our experience. We saved enough money by sheer thrift to buy a piece of land—a garden city site. A builder offered to put up a five-roomed semi-villa for us for £500, but the estate agents and architects object, saying that much more substantial houses must be built on that estate. What are we to do? The site of 330 square yards has cost £140. We must either forfeit the deposit or try to sell the land because we cannot afford to pay £1,000 for the house—the estimated cost of the houses the architect declares must be on the estate. Having bought the land why can't we put up any house we like?—*Gertrude Alderson, 14, Whitburn Avenue, Dunston-on-Tyne, Co Durham.*

Dirty Drinking Glasses.

With beer in the public eye as well as in the public mouth, the time is opportune for attention being given to the methods of "washing beer glasses" in the average public-house. In the majority of licensed houses a "dip" in a leaden utensil hidden from sight supplies the customers with "clean" glasses, which more often than not carry the germs of infectious diseases. Those Members of Parliament who study plagues such as the White Scourge (Consumption), might well give the above matter serious consideration.—*J. T. W., Leicester.*

10,000 PAIRS RESERVED FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

AUSTRALIAN FIELD BOOTS IN BLACK OR TAN CALF at 12/6 per pair

BOLSOM BROS., GREAT FOOTWEAR OFFERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FULLY APPRECIATED BY "JOHN BULL" READERS.

THE PRESENT OFFER OF THE WORLD FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN FIELD BOOTS IN BLACK OR TAN AT THE AMAZING PRICE OF 12/6 IS UNDOUBTEDLY THE GREATEST OFFER YET MADE. THEY ARE NOT BOOTS OF THE HEAVY MILITARY TYPE, BUT A SMART, STOUT BOOT IDEAL FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY WEAR. WELL MADE, EXCEEDINGLY COMFORTABLE, BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED, THESE CAN BE OBTAINED IN BLACK BOX CALF OR TAN CALF NO BETTER BOOTS CAN BE HAD FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND OCCASION AND EVERY PAIR IS HONESTLY WORTH 25/-. 10,000 PAIRS OF THESE BOOTS HAVE BEEN RESERVED FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS DURING THE NEXT 14 DAYS. Illustrated below are also Footwear for every purpose and occupation for both Ladies and Gents, and are without question the greatest bargains ever offered. Therefore send for these and any of the other Footwear that you may require. Your orders will be executed per return and you will be more than delighted, if not your money will be refunded in full. **POST YOUR ORDERS WITHOUT DELAY OR CALL. OPEN DAILY UNTIL 8 p.m. AND SATURDAYS ALL DAY UNTIL 9 p.m.**

No. 81.—Gent's Real Black Box Calf Derby or Oxford Shoe, also in Tan Calf or Real Glacé Kid with Patent Toecap. Our Price **12/6** Laces Free

No. 82.—Gent's Smart Slimcord Shoe. Box Uppers, also in Tan Calf or Real Glacé Kid with Patent Toecap. For Town or Country wear. Our Price **12/6** Laces Free.

No. 2 d. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (12's 1/- extra).

AUSTRALIAN FIELD BOOTS, IN BLACK OR TAN.—No. 211. Specification: Real Black Box Calf or Tan Calf Uppers, Leather lined throughout. Solid Butt Soles, Stitched and Screwed to Heel. Full Waterproof Tongue. Honestly worth 35/-. Our Price, pair, **12/6** Laces Free.

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See that our Trade Mark is on Sole. No others genuine.

NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT REGULATION ARMY BOOT.

W.D. 7d.—Specification: Real Kip Grained Uppers, Waterproof, two single solid butt soles, screwed and stitched to heel. Sizes: 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. For hard wear in all weathers. Sizes: 5, 6, 7 can also be had in this pattern boot. Our Price, **12/6** Worth double. Laces Free.

These boots can also be had with toecaps (W.D. 7d.)

W.D.7d

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No. 14. — Gent's Black Derby. Fine Box Uppers, also in Tan Calf or Real Glacé Kid with Patent Toecap. Easy fitting and comfortable. Our Price **12/6** Laces Free.

No. 14. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (12's 1/- extra.

No. 834. LADIES' SPORTS BOOT.

Derby pattern. Black Full Chrome Uppers and stout waterproof soles. Also in Black Box Calf or Tan Calf.

All sizes. Usual price 35/-. Our Price **15/-** Laces Free

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SPECIAL OFFER OF BRITISH GOVERNMENT NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOTS (W.D., 78d.)—Specification: Real Kip Grained Uppers, screwed and stitched to heel. Full watertight tongue, 2 single solid butt soles, solid all-leather heels. Our Price **20/-** Per Pair

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Same pattern, in Tan Per Pair **22/6** Worth 30/-.

THESE ARE NEW, PERFECT, AND GOVT. STAMPED.

Also Special Offer of Gilzer's Brown Calf Welted Boots, same pattern (No. 78 D.S.). Worth £3. Astounding bargain at **30/-** All sizes. Post 2/- extra.

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Note these Boot Points:—
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Any Size, the above features are on the sole. No others genuine.

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No. 234.—SPECIAL SHOE in Real Patent Leather, Real Glace Kid, Box Calf or Tan Calf, low medium or high Cuban heels. Our price **12/6** Laces free.

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No. 834.—Smart Oxford Shoe, in Real Glace Kid, with Patent Toecap. Real Patent Leather or Tan. Medium or high Cuban heels. A very neat and stylish model. Our price **12/6** Laces free.

No. 834.—OXFORD SHOE in Real Patent Leather. A stylish, reliable shoe. Our Price **12/6**

POST YOUR ORDER NOW TO THE LARGEST SHOE-BY-POST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD enclosing remittance and 1/- extra for postage (W.A., 2s 6d extra), for each pair, stating number and size required, and your order will be sent without delay. Bankers' Drafts, Money Orders and Postal Orders payable to Bolsom Bros., Ltd. In the rare event of the boots or shoes not being satisfactory, we will exchange them with pleasure. Absolute satisfaction or money refunded upon return of goods as received.

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WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

T. G. B. (Hammersmith).—"I find my work very absorbing." What are you—a publican?

W. A. (Pulborough).—"Are tadpoles fishes or animals?" Probably reptiles if the truth is to be told.

T. R. (Weymouth).—"I have no use for the ordinary newspaper." So that's why you buy JOHN BULL.

R. R. P. (New Cross).—"My husband is an irritable old devil." Be patient with him; perhaps he has a sporty liver.

M. M. N. (London, E.).—"Will you kindly put a stop to all these whist drives?" No, sir—not even if we could.

W. P. (Littlehampton).—"This weather shows what comes of tampering with our clocks." Fancy; and we never thought of it.

P. K. (Mitcham).—"A savage heathen is happier than a civilised Christian." Not if he has a stomach ache. Don't be so sweeping.

T. P. (Croydon).—"Suburbia is now a network of wireless aerials." Bless your soul, before long folk will be wearing them in their hats.

H. H. (Broadstairs).—"Do you think wives and husbands should spend their holidays apart?" Not a bad idea as long as they remember they're married.

E. L. (Glasgow).—"The modern youth does not realise his responsibilities." Perhaps not; but if he has behaved himself he hasn't very many.

K. W. A. (Stamford Hill).—"Your weekly posters give me the jumps." Thanks; also please note the jolly jump in our circulation.

W. L. J. (Cardiff).—"I love my cousin, but our parents won't permit us to marry; is this right?" Not knowing your cousin we cannot say.

D. L. (Nottingham).—"Poor old Margot seems to be on the retired list now." Don't you believe it; she'll be bobbing up again soon in a new jumper.

"JAMES" (Middlewich).—"Money is the root of all evil." Still, £1,000 is going to do some *Bullets* competitor a bit of good this week.

W. R. L. (Oakham).—"Do you think women are ever likely to start smoking pipes?" He would be a bold man who attempted to predict what women are likely to do. However, they might start, but they wouldn't finish.

J. M. (Gordon).—"Why not tax virtues as well as vices? For instance, tax people for attending church on Sundays." We fear the revenue from this source would be negligible.

F. C. (Birmingham).—"The air should not be the monopoly of any firm." It isn't: wireless waves travel through the ether.

MECHANIC (Ponders End).—"I may say I have always made good money." If you hadn't, you probably wouldn't be at Ponders End.

W. C. (Sowerby Bridge).—"I was always fired with ambition to succeed." Start with a study of the postal regulations. A letter costs 1½d., not ½d.

A. W. (Halesworth).—"I must say I agree with some of the things you say." Thank goodness! We have been worrying about it.

LITTLE PUNTER (Bethnal Green).—"The result of the City and Suburban took us all by surprise." Had us on Toast, in fact?

INQUISITIVE (West Ealing).—"This is the third piece of paper I have used in trying to write decently to you." You should have used a fourth.

S. P. M. (Windsor).—"It cuts no ice to write to Government departments." Not much, as a rule; far better let us know which one you want ticked off.

H. H. (Cupar).—"Many good causes are ruined by the fanaticism of their upholders." That is as true as Scripture and old as Cain and Abel.

HALLELUJAH (Ewell).—"I am the happiest man alive." Your letter is dated City and Sub. day, from which we deduce you backed the winner.

SYLVIA (Daventry).—"I would give anything for one crowded hour of life." You ought to be able to get it for much less than that.

W. R. R. (Luton).—"Will Russia ever return to the status of a civilised nation again?" In our opinion, yes, but slowly. The bloody reactions from despotism may take a generation to work itself out.

J. G. McF. (Aberdeen).—"The Scottish minority in the House always suffers at the hands of the English majority." And all this because there was no remission of the tax on Scotch!

P. J. H. (Clapham Common, S.W.).—"What a lot of electricity is wasted on the sky signs in Piccadilly Circus and elsewhere." Money spent on advertising is not wasted, as any business man will tell you. And what about "Brighter London"?

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

DECREE NISI (London).—"There ought to be an examination before marriage." So doctors think.

ONLY NOW (Manchester).—"I have just received my war medal." Which war was that?

OLD BILL (Glasgow).—"I have a good story to tell." If the goods are good—good.

R. H. (Southampton).—"The retail grocer gets far too much blame for high prices." He also gets the high prices.

ANTICIPATION (Sheffield).—"It is time for England's great men to wake up." We are never even caught napping.

G. T. S. (Broxbourne).—"Please do not publish my letter, or I shall be very worried." We should worry, too!

DILETTANTE (Pulborough).—"I wrote a book once." The best authors write them at least twice.

J. McC. (Glasgow).—"Some of our M.P.s are absolutely childish." Worse than that, Jock; childhood is inoffensive.

J. C.—"Has the Charing Cross Bank been wound up?" You should write to The Companies Winding-up Dept., Bankruptcy Buildings, Carey St., W.1.

WORRIED READER.—"Are there any reputable Clubs in the West End?" There are, but the one you mention is by no means first on the list.

MISMANAGEMENT (Huntingdon).—"What is the meaning of this housing shortage?" It means simply that there aren't enough houses to go round.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST (St. Columb).—"I was educated among my own class." What sort of Socialism is this, that talks about "classes"?

BILLY BOY (Merton).—"I never let business interfere with pleasure." There are lots like you, and they all come to the same end.

T. R. E. (York).—"I am of a very shy and bashful temperament—especially in the presence of ladies." So are we, and there is nothing you can take for it.

W. P. (Luton).—"It's amazing what a lot of sense there is in the so-called uneducated classes." Awfully sweet of you to say so.

A. L. (Canterbury).—"Are there such things as stockings that will not 'ladder'?" At any rate, there have been none in our house since we can remember.

H. J. P. (Brockley).—"It is unfair that young women who do not need to earn their own livings should keep starving ex-Service men out of clerical jobs." It is not only unfair, it is disgusting.

A. N. (Leeds).—"My brother was in the employ of one firm all his life." What a pity! The first fourteen years of it he ought to have spent at home with his mother.

J. E. D. (Balham).—"Is the King a Freemason?" No.

UNION JACK (Norfolk).—"If we strung up all the Socialists it would be a good thing." Not for the Socialists, surely?

WHO'S WHICH (Bolton).—"Is a knowledge of music necessary for a conductor?" Not for a tram conductor.

GONE AWAY (Glasgow).—"Have I the right to have my husband watched?" Sure.

T. R. (Manchester).—"My heart yearns for the wide open spaces and God's pure air." Help yourself, and pass the pep.

J. H. (Leeds).—"It's a long worm that is caught by the early bird." True, and a short worm that does no turning.

ANON. (Rio de Janeiro).—"Woe to those who live by teaching lies!" Hear, hear! Woe by all means.

E. R. (Richmond).—"Give us back the old days of the horse-drawn carriages and Hansom cabs." Shan't!—so there.

TAFFY (Rhyl).—"Who was it said 'Oh, to be in England now that April's there!'?" Browning. He's dead—and probably repentant.

L. L. (Norwich).—"It's a funny thing how people never get on with their relations." You mustn't say "never"; some families are as sticky as glue.

W. P. L. (Northampton).—"When I look around me I ask, What is the world coming to?" Quite a civil question. A few sample replies would be interesting.

Q. (Oldham).—"Sport is a decent method of mental exercise." On the other hand, Greek verbs seldom develop the stomach muscles.

K. M. (Leicester).—"Life is always interesting because you never know what's round the corner." Usually it's a pub or a policeman.

I'M WAITING (London).—"Where can you buy forged £5 notes?" We haven't our thieves' directory by us at the moment.

INSULTED (Balham).—"Women are treated like dogs by railway porters." Our experience is that lady passengers sometimes behave like cats.

G. H. (Bristol).—"My doctor gives me a lot of advice—should I take it?" If you won't take his, why bother about ours?

FATHER (Cambridge).—"Children keep extraordinary hours nowadays." From your account they seem to have extraordinary parents also.

Miss A. K. (Yeovil).—"I like to imagine you at your desk replying to all your readers' letters and giving them good advice." Yes, dearie; it is a wholesome sight.

M. K. S. (Sussex).—"There are a damn sight too many old croakers in this town." Give them our compliments, and tell them to suck peppermints.

Miss P. T. (Horsham).—"London must be a naughty place if all you tell us is true." And you're a naughty puss to say what you do in your postscript. For two pins we'd tell.

S. A. (Hastings).—"There is no demand for high-class music in this country." Evidently the Bournemouth Corporation, who are spending £300,000 on a new music pavilion, do not agree with you.

F. D. (Southampton).—"Isn't there a law to prevent profiteering in restaurants?" There is no such law; but if you threaten to go elsewhere they may get the wind up.

W. P. (Hendon).—"Three things there are I hate—creaking doors, yapping dogs and the Cockney accent." Our office boy remarks that you "ain't 'arf partikler and 'ad better go and wrap yer 'ead in cotton-wool."

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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He used to be furious

But now he comes down whistling

Why that breakfast-table scowl? A cut chin—a lost collar-stud? No! *He never could get his hair tidy.*

Now he uses Icilma Brilliantine and comes down whistling.

A little every morning keeps the hair fresh and tidy all day long.

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Whether you use the Solid or the Liquid Brilliantine is mainly a matter of taste. But heavy heads of hair need Solid Brilliantine, while fine hair is rendered wonderfully silky by the Liquid Crystal Brilliantine.

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THIS is the way to use the wonderful "Witty Bits" Book.

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THE LATEST.
J. G.—10, Hanover Crescent Brighton, says:—"I altered a schoolgirl's line by an idea I got from your bright little book (winning £50 2nd Prize in 'Ideas'). I find the book of the greatest possible use, and have some excellent lines in, awaiting judgment."

NO WIN—NO PAY! *The Chance of a Lifetime Offer!!*

Feeling so sure that with the aid of "Witty Bits" Book you can win prizes, as others have done, I can guarantee to send you this famous book FREE OF ALL COST on the no win—no pay system. The price of "Witty Bits" Book is 1s. 6d., but you can test its winning power first. Fill in the Coupon at foot, and I will send "Witty Bits" Book at once; you can then try it, and when you win a cash prize with it you will send me 1s. 6d. This proves without the possibility of doubt the value of "Witty Bits" Book, and also shows my confidence in its power to assist you in winning a prize. Remember, your "Witty Bits" Book will be sent you FREE, and you pay the price (1s. 6d.) out of the first Prize you win with its aid. Could anything be fairer? Only one book will be sent to one family.

Now read what BUYERS of my book say:—"Amazing"; "Excellent"; "Wonderful Value"; "Delighted"; "Ripping!" "Worth four times the price asked."

Cpl. M——, —Military Police, says:—"Since having your book I have had the pleasure of winning on an average three prizes a month."

J. A. B——, 68, Huyth Road, Inverness, says:—"As a winner of over 500 prizes, including one first and four seconds, I attribute a great deal of my success to the help which I have derived from your most valuable little book, 'Witty Bits.' I consider 'Witty Bits' the best book of the kind ever published."

Miss M. E——, 31, Whitegate Lane, Hightown, Wrexham, says:—"I have won many a prize with the 'Witty Bits,' I had some time ago."

Second Lieut. L. W. R——— writes:—"You will remember my purchasing your 'Witty Bits,' etc., seven weeks ago? Well, I thought you would be interested to know that since then I have won no fewer than 15 PRIZES, both large and small, from different weekly papers, and I am sure my success is due to the very valuable assistance I have derived from your book, and I strongly advise other 'keen' competitors to take my tip and to get 'Witty Bits' without delay."

You are at liberty to make what use you like of this unsolicited testimonial. I assure you that I am most grateful for your valuable assistance."—Yours very truly, L. W. R——, Second-Lieut., 4th Scottish Regiment.

J. L. H——, Springfield Villas, Gomersal, near Leeds, says:—"I have won one or two prizes with the aid of 'W. B.,' and enclose 1/6."

A. W——, 25, Royal Ave., Bury, says:—"I've won £2 in 'Pearson's' 'Winners' and enclose 1/6 for 'Witty Bits.'"

J. G. P——, 14, Grainymarshed, Tetsleyfern, says:—"I've won half of the 2nd Prize in 'Winners'; and the line was an inspiration from 'W. B.'"

C. A. F——, 69, Russell Street, Luton, Beds., says:—"Having had my first success by winning £5 I enclose 1/6 as arranged."

N.B.—THESE TESTIMONIALS HAVE BEEN SEEN AND READ BY A WELL-KNOWN LONDON EDITOR.

"With the aid and inspiration of 'Witty Bits,' etc., I have won over 100 prizes, large and small."—Ashton.

"Witty Bits" Book (168 pages), Witty Ideas "pictured," Witty Hints, Witty Lines, Hundreds of witty Descriptive Phrases, Words and How to use them wittily (pages 33 to 64). THINGS LOSING COMPETITORS KNOW NOTHING ABOUT. FOOTBALL FORECASTING (MANY "HOW-SELL" GUIDES TO SUCCESS—page 58). You cannot do without "Witty Bits" Book! It is the "Greatest Guide" for all wishing to make successful lines for competing in competitions, and many "little fortunes" have been won with its aid.

Specially brilliant WITTY PRESENT-DAY TOPIC Lines. Hundreds of ready-made witty LINES and phrases of two words, three words, or four words (pages 65 to 87). Special ADVICE ON COUPON addresses (utmost importance); CORRECT way to cross P.O.'s and make payable (many of people do this incorrectly); £250 WINNER'S COUPON, a copy (an eye-opener); GRAMMAR and PUNCTUATION GUIDE (many a good line is spoiled by incorrect punctuation marks). "Witty Bits" shows the correct way to use these marks—: ; " " ( ) ! —(page 97).

IMPORTANT.—Send immediately and I will send you with "Witty Bits" Book a really ideal Gift Nib for writing on Coupons. It prevents the ink spreading and so makes your chance of winning the First Prize infinitely greater. Thousands of Cash Prizes, large and small offered every week; this is the book you need!!

"WITTY BITS" BOOK Free Trial Order Form.

To E. J. O. CHIMMES,
40, Ship St., Brighton.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to give "Witty Bits" Book a free and fair trial on the "No Win—No Pay" System, and I agree to pay 1/6 for the Book immediately I win a Cash Prize with its aid. I enclose 3d. stamp herewith for postage, etc., of the Book, to be sent me in a sealed envelope.

NAME .....

DATE.....1923 ADDRESS .....

E. J. O. CHIMMES, Publisher, 40, Ship St., BRIGHTON ("Established in Brighton 40 years"), Bankers:—LLOYDS BANK, LTD., Registered Telegraphic Address:—"CHIMMES, BRIGHTON."

FITS CAN BE CURED

Permanent Recovery Possible.

GREAT FREE OFFER.

There is no infirmity so distressing, either to the sufferer or to those around him, as epilepsy and those kindred nervous complaints which, recurring more violently and unexpectedly at shortening intervals, render the life of the sufferer one round of misery.

IT HAS LONG BEEN SUPPOSED THAT FITS WERE NOT CURABLE, AND MANY AN UNFORTUNATE SUFFERER HAS SPENT LARGE SUMS IN SEARCH OF THE ALLEVIATION THAT ORDINARY REMEDIES, HOWEVER EXPENSIVELY PRICED, CAN NEVER BRING.

It was left for Dr. S. B. Niblett to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave 35 years' close study to epilepsy and fits—devoted a lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—which he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we to-day make a remarkable offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease.

May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by hundreds of patients thoroughly cured?

Nor is Dr. Niblett's treatment other than pleasant, its simplicity and the ease with which it may be carried out being marked features.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOTTLE, AND TREATME BOOKS, ALL SENT FREE ON APPLICATION (FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY) TO ANYONE WHO HAS NOT PREVIOUSLY HAD THIS REMEDY.—WRITE TO-DAY TO:

B W. NIBLETT,

38, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2.

1/- BRINGS YOU THIS 8-DAY JEWELLED LEVER WATCH

OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS ON OUR UNBEATABLE BARGAIN TERMS.

Every reader of "John Bull" should take this opportunity of receiving a great bargain. This Gent's handsome 8-day Jewelled Lever Watch is for the first time offered on our unheard-of terms.

FREE. Handsome Nickle Pocket-to-Pocket ALBERT, FREE with every Watch.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THIS HANDSOME 8-DAY WATCH.—Gent's full size Keyless 8-day Lever Watch, heavy nickel-silver finished case. Jewelled throughout in lever movement with visible escapement of highest workmanship (8 prize medals). All latest improvements, including safety catch to prevent overwinding. Each watch carefully adjusted to keep accurate time. Only waste winding once a week. A handsome, serviceable watch. Fully guaranteed 10 years.

OUR UNEQUALLED TERMS.—Be sure are we that you will be more than satisfied, that we send this handsome watch post paid upon receipt of 1/- only. After receiving watch, if satisfied, you send 1/- more and the balance by instalments of 1/- a month until only 20/- is paid. Price, full cash with order (or within 7 days of receipt.) 17/6 only. Cash returned willingly if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days. Send P.O. or stamps now to:— SIMPSON'S (BRIGHTON), LTD. (Dept. 57), 94, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

PAUPERS MADE PROSPEROUS

The Paradise Outside the Workhouse Gates

MUCH of our effort in the administration of "The Greatest of These——" Fund is directed towards helping the poor to help themselves.

We have had many instances of hardworking fellows who have had to bow to the inevitable and seek shelter for themselves and their wives and families in Poor Law Institutions who have been able, with our help, to leave pauperdom behind them and regain the independence and respectability which they had temporarily lost.

One such was an old soldier who had struggled hard against adversity only to find himself at last evicted from his humble dwelling through his inability to pay the rent.

His appeal reached us too late for us to save him from the workhouse, but we promised him that if he could obtain his release we would endeavour to help him to re-establish himself.

With his eyes fixed on the paradise outside the gates, he contrived to borrow enough money to purchase a tiny stock of buttons and bootlaces, which he sold during the hours when he was released to search for work.

He came to us convinced that if he had sufficient capital to buy stock in larger quantities he could do enough trade to rescue his wife and family from the institution.

With a wide experience in appraising human frailties and capabilities, we deemed his enterprise worthy of encouragement, and provided him with the cash he required.

He has now commenced to re-establish his home out of the proceeds of sales of small articles which he displays on an old perambulator. He hopes to be able soon to obtain a proper barrow, and if he continues as he has commenced there is no reason that we can see why he should not become another Wanamaker.

He is only one of many whom we have helped to set their feet on the lowest rungs of the ladder. There are many more just as keen to earn a living who could be given a chance if the Fund could afford it.

Send us whatever you can spare. Even the smallest sum will help to open the gates of the workhouse to the paradise that lies beyond.

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Penniless," 6d.; A. E., 2s. 6d.; "Lucky Ninth" (Grimsby), 7s. 6d.; S. T. (Adelaide), £5; "Hackney," 10½d.; W. M. D., 5s.; "Ideal," 2s. 6d.; N. X., 1s.; "Blackboy," 3½d.; "Shatani" (Rhodesia), 5s.; J. T. (Arbroath), 10s.; "Coventry," 2s.; J. W. (Wareham), 5s.; J. B., 6d.; "W." (Birmingham), £1; C. A. P., 1s.; H. F., 6d.; E. F., 1 dollar, 17 lira; T. F., 10d.; Mrs. A. E. G., 1s.; E. H. S., 1s.; C. H., 1s. 6d.; W. J. L., 6d.; "Nearly Broke but Happy," 6d.; "Birthday Ninth," 2s. 7d.; W. R. H., 4½d.; A. W., 2s. 3d.; "Mater," 5s.; "Crecasse," 1s.; "Hopeful Competitor," 2s. 6d.; V. L., 6d.; "Two Ninths for Luck," 2s. 3½d.; "Lucky Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "Cheerful Giver," 5s.; "Fluff," 2s. 2d.; "Mary," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. R., 2s. 6d.; H. M. (New York), 1 dollar; N. E. (Peterborough), 5s.; C. E. W., 1s.; Anon., 1s. and parcel; "Wellwisher" (Reading), parcel; Mrs. A. B. (Alton), parcel; C. A. L. M., 6d.; Mrs. R. M. 6d.; W. H. J., 6d.; R. D., 6d.; "Odd Pennies," 6d.; Mrs. E. H., 1s. 6d.; F. W. P., 6d.; "Taunton," 1s.; J. R., 1s.; Mrs. A. O., 1s.; "Thankful," 5s.; W. N., 6d.; Mrs. M. B., 1s.; E. K., 1s.; "Bullet Competitor," 11d.; "Sunny Jim," 1s.; G. D. F., 6d.; J. C., 3d.; A. D., 1s.; "Love to Help," 1s.; G. M. and Son, 2s. 6d.; "Ninth for Luck" (New York), 9d.; "Old Maid," 9d.; W. G. F. (Japan), 10s. 6d.; "Twickenham," 3d.; "Selby," 1s.; "29th Division," 1s.; "Wrexham," 4½d.; J. L. H., 4s.; "Regular Reader," 2s. 6d.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; F. P., 5d.; Mrs. L. H., 2s.; D. S. J., 1s. 10½d.; A. E. H., 1s.; F. & H., Wife and Daughter, 7s. 6d.; B. C. "Peckham," 10s.; A. T., 2s.; "My Little Ninth," 3d.; Mrs. J., 6d.; F. J. B. (Bournemouth), £1; W. C., 2s. 4½d.; W. J., 2s. 6d.; H. B. T. (Sutton-in-Ashfield), 10s. 6d.; F. H. R., 1s.; Anon. (Rochester), 2s. 6d.; "Wellwisher" (Chorley), 1s.; S. L. G., 2s.; "Grannie," 2s. 6d.; "Unlucky," two ninths, 1s. 2½d.; "Optimist," 2s. 6d.; L. S. H., 6d.; E. J. G., 1s. 6d.; "Baby," 2d.; "Llepecht," 2s. 11½d.; "Jock," 2s. 6d.; "Naib to bat," 3d.; "Tiney," 9d.; T. N., 1s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 2½d.; "Jack," 1s.; L. P., 10d.; G. A. G., 1s.; "Jecoper," 5s.; H. T., 1s.; "Jansfield" 2s.; H. W. W. (Melton Constable), 11s. 6d.; R. R. (Swansea), parcel; Mrs. E. S. (Eastleigh), parcel; A. T. (Hong Kong), parcel; "Anonymous" (Hanby), parcel; M. A. E., parcel; "Admirer," 3s.; "Good Luck," 1½d.; A. P. (India), 1s. 6d.; "May" (Bombay), £1; "Cheerful Giver," 1s.; "Springbok," 2s.; E. S. (Finsbury Park), 10s.; "Father Christmas' Ninth," 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Nottingham), 1s. 6d.; E. P. (Clesthorpes), 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Your Bicycle cannot be stolen—

if you fit the "SENTRY" Lock to it. This Patent device completely outwits the thief—the lock is automatic and can ONLY BE OPENED with the key in the owner's possession.

The patent screws also prevent the device being removed—you can screw it on in 3 minutes, but cannot screw it off in 3 hours.

PRICE **3/-** POST FREE

Don't run any risk—order a "SENTRY" Lock TO-DAY and safeguard your bicycle. Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

Hope & Wood, (Dept. H.) Quality Chains, Serpentine Street, Birmingham.

63/- SUIT TO MEASURE AND **BOOTS FREE** for **39/6**

GREAT 14 Days OFFER

Never in the records of "Goods by Post" has such a great bargain been offered in the Tailoring World. Think of it! If you order a 39/6 made-to-measure suit from us, we are prepared, purely as an advertisement, to present you a pair of splendid Gent's Boots absolutely FREE of charge—sold everywhere at not less than 20/11. You are sure to be delighted. Other special lines—Serge Suits from 25/-, Rain proof Overcoats from 19/-, Black Jacket and Vest from 9/6, Black and White Striped Trousers, 12/11. Write to-day for Free Patterns, measure form, illustration.—J. B. THOMPSON, 102, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Ringworm

Child's Terrible Condition after 13 Months' Treatment. X Rays Failed. Germolene effects Complete Cure.

Miss Cornwell

Mrs. Cornwell, 31, Leonard Road, Southall, Middlesex, says:—"My little Elsie had ringworm all over her head when I got Germolene, and now she is quite cured. The X-Rays were used, and for 13 months she was away from school. Following the X-Ray treatment she went quite bald, and further examination proved that the ringworm was not cured. Then I tried Germolene. With the first box the trouble disappeared. Elsie's hair grew again quite strong and natural, and now she is back at school."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Prices 1/3 & 3/- per tin. Of all Chemists.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Use Germolene for Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, and all Itchings of Unnatural Surfaces.

WINNING METHODS

"SECOND thoughts are best!" is advice that might profit many a *Bullets* competitor. Do not forget when evolving your efforts that, quite possibly, the first idea which comes into your head has also occurred to other competitors.

Improve that first idea. Let us show you, by a practical illustration, how vitally essential to success is this second consideration of your attempts. For instance, last week, on the example—"Coloured," we received from many competitors such *Bullets* as "Red—Britain's Peril To-day," and similar plays on the "Red" menace. These competitors were content with the first "Coloured" idea which struck them. Another entrant, however, cleverly realised the necessity for improving upon this idea. He saw, rightly enough, that the peril of the "coloured" alien is not merely confined to the Moscow "Reds," with the result that his *Bullet*—"Coloured—Menaces, Red—Yellow—Black," conveying a wider and deeper significance, was justly rewarded.

Second Thoughts that Pay.

Another example which proved highly popular with competitors was "Sex Equality." Many efforts, however, played merely on the advantages (and otherwise) of the time when women shall rank equal to man, a type of idea readily occurring to others. But an alert competitor who saw that "Sex Equality" might also refer to equality in *numbers* aptly applied that idea to the shortage of women in the Colonies, and submitted the effort:—"Sex Equality—Numerically, Colonies' Greatest Need." Second thoughts, in this instance, were justified to the tune of £25.

Applying Your Ideas.

Another point constantly impressing itself upon those scrutinising the entries is that a *Bullet* containing the germ of a clever idea has been so hastily evolved that its merit is all but lost. There is big money in a bright and original idea; satisfy yourself, therefore, before filling up a coupon, that each *Bullet* is as neatly expressed as possible, and that it fits snugly to the example. A few seconds' extra thought may make all the difference between winning a small prize and scooping the £1,000.

Be Your Own Critic.

Always be critical of your own efforts. Judge for yourself whether you would be satisfied to see your *Bullet* in the printed lists, carrying off a large prize *for another competitor*. Is its meaning perfectly clear? Is it phrased as neatly as you could wish? Does it convey a point which others besides yourself would readily appreciate? Has it the Big Prize Look? If your *Bullet* stands these tests, it is already well towards success.

Using Quotation Marks.

The question has been raised by a correspondent as to the use of quotation marks "——" in a *Bullet*. Quotation marks may be used to signify that the word or phrase they enclose contains a double-meaning, a play on words, or that it is "slang" or quoted from another source. But whether or not quotation marks are correctly used, the careful scrutiny each *Bullet* receives ensures that its full meaning is wholly appreciated. Neither do we allow an obvious slip in spelling or grammar to bar a line of merit from the prize-lists. We did not, for instance, disqualify a *Bullet* that won a recent first prize because one of the words in it was wrongly spelt by the competitor. This means that anybody can participate without fearing to stumble over minor details of spelling or punctuation.

Everybody has ideas—*Bullets* merely provides the outlet for them. For that reason, the sum of £1,000 offered this week is just as likely to go to a new competitor as to a regular supporter of the contest.

BULLETS

2nd Prize £100 — 1ST PRIZE — 3rd Prize £50

10 Prizes of £5

50 Prizes of 10/-

1,000 Prizes of 2/6

£1,000

10 Prizes of £2 10

100 Prizes of 5/-

3,000 Target Prizes

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 483.

RAMSAY MACDONALD
ON THE STAGE
ROYAL RECEPTION
BRITAIN'S BEST
DESERVES A MEDAL
AMERICA'S WAY
IN OUR VILLAGE
EASTERN PROBLEM
GIVING HER AWAY
MORE TALK
WOMAN
QUEER THINGS
MONEY FOR JAM
MY HOUSE
BAR PARLOUR
THE NEXT TIME
POPULAR SONG
RUNNING THINGS FINE
BY WIRELESS
WEARY
PAST MASTER
WE ALL KNOW
A BLESSING
TAKING THE TILLER
OUR BABY
WHERE TO BEGIN
SOON OVER
BEST SIDE
IN THE RING
IMPROVING
ONLY HOPE
WILLING HORSE
WITHOUT A POLICY
FULL UP
NEW DRESS
UPSIDE DOWN
SMELLING A RAT
WHAT THE CURATE SAID
HOME COMFORTS
WHEN SHE LIKES

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——and Co.—— Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Forty examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: Example:—LITTLE HELP Bullet:—CRAMMING HUNGRY CHILDREN'S HEADS. Example:—PAID IN FULL Bullet:—THEIR FRANCE "QUITS." Example:—WHEN LONDON SLEEPS Bullet:—SOME MOTORISTS SHOULD PRACTISE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 483, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(483) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(483) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(483) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, May 17.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(483) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 484.

OPEN AIR—AN EXHIBITION OVERCROWDED—STILL SEEMS COMING TO ABOUT—CHRISTMAS BONNET—FAVOURED FOR—GARDENING—SCHOOL OF—FURNISHED ATTIRE—A CHANGE—GOOD FOR ONE—WAITING TIME—GREAT DAY—TOO BAD—AT ANY PRICE—AN EXHIBIT—ALL OVER—SITTING UP LATE—LOOKING BACK.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MAY 24th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 484 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 484, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 483.

The original sketch for £100 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 458, can now be seen in the window of Mr. G. H. Harding, 58, Aldwych (next Upper Howard), W.C. 2.

Result of Competition No. 481 will be published in next week's issue.

The LIVE WIRE

VERY much alive *all* day, from breakfast time to the supper hour, a man of action who does not trade on his reserves; plays as keenly as he works. *Health* is not his only asset but it vitalizes all his powers. He will succeed because he leaves nothing to chance—certainly not HEALTH.

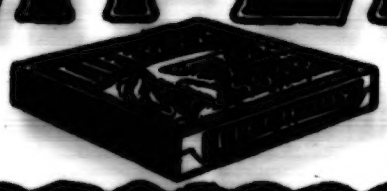
For Toilet and Bath the live wire uses Lifebuoy Soap. It leaves every pore of the skin antiseptically clean and protected. Lifebuoy helps to build up reserves of Health by preventing germs and microbes of disease from undermining the constitution.

The name LEVER *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

Wash face and hands with it—baths with it—shampoo with it.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

LIFEBUOY SOAP



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